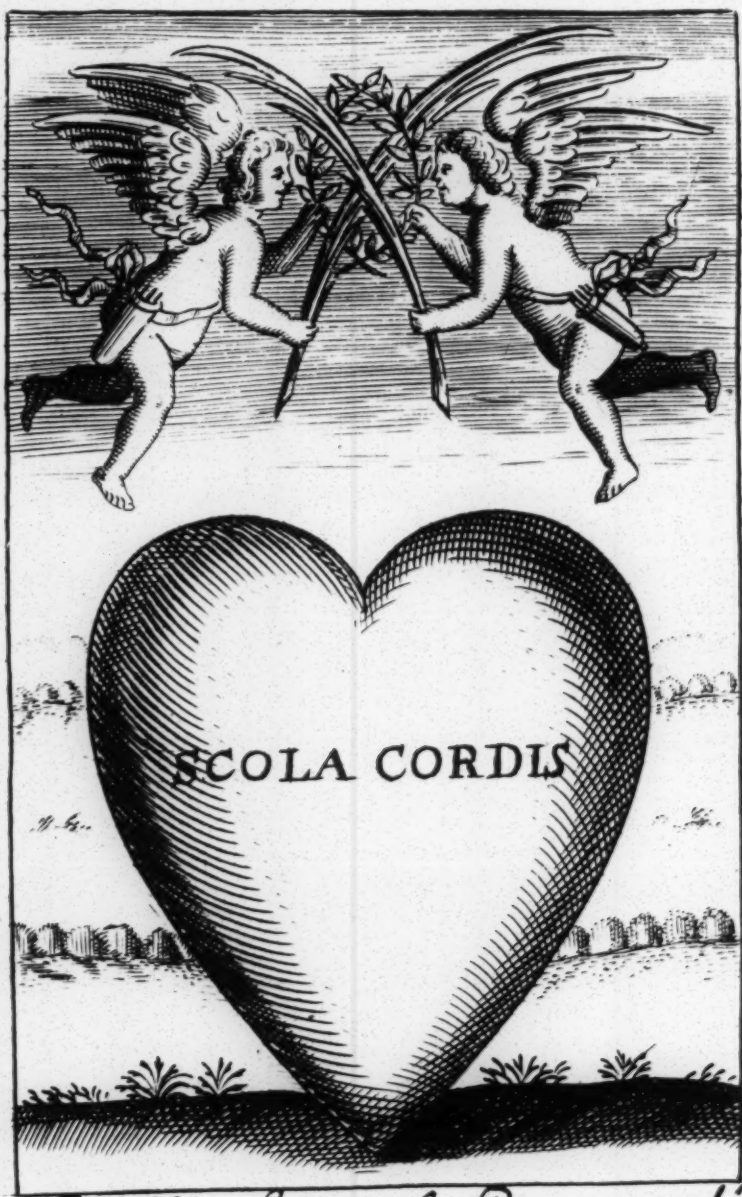


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*1669*



*Bibliotheca L. Bernardi.*

*Ann*

*1669*



THE  
School  
OF THE  
HEART;  
OR,  
The *Heart* of it self gone away from  
G O D

Brought back again to him, and instructed  
by him.

In 47. EMBLEMS.

By the *Author* of the *Sinagoge* anext to  
HERBERTS POEMS.

Whereunto is Added,

*The Learning of the Heart,*

By the same Hand.

---

London, Printed for L. Ll. and are to be  
Sould by Samuel Snignel, at the Sign of  
the *Ship* in *Cornhil* against the  
*Royal Exchange*, 1674.

---

*for Mr. Snignel*



---

*To the Divine Majesty of  
the onely begotten, eternal,  
well beloved Son of God, and  
Saviour of the World, Christ  
Jesus, the King of Kings,  
and Lord of Lords, the Ma-  
ker, the Mender, the Sear-  
cher, and the Teacher of the*  
H E A R T :

The meanest of his most unwor-  
thy Servants offers up this  
poor account of his Thoughts,  
humbly begging pardon for  
all that is amiss in them, and  
a gracious acceptance of these  
weak Endeavours for the ad-  
vancement of his Honour in  
the good of others.





# The *School* of the Heart.

## *The* INTRODUCTION.

**T**Urne in, my mind, wander no more abroad,  
Here's work enough at home, lay by that load  
Of scattered thoughts, that clogs and cumpers  
Resume thy long neglected liberty (thee :  
Of self-examination : bend thine eye

Inward, consider where thine heart doth lye,  
How 'tis affected, how 'tis busi'd : look  
What thou hast Writ thy self in thine own book,  
Thy conscience : here set thou thy self to School?  
Self-knowledge 'twixt a wise-man and a Fool  
Doth make the difference : he that neglects  
This Learning, fideth with his own defects.  
Dost thou draw back ? Hach custome charm'd thee so,  
That thou canst relish nothing but thy woe ;  
Find'st thou such sweetness in those sugar'd lyes ?  
Have Forain objects so ingross thine eyes ?  
Canst thou not hold them off ? Hast thou an eare  
To listen but to what thou should'it not hear ?  
Art thou incapable of every thing,  
But what thy senses to thy fancy bring ?  
Remember that thy birth and constitution  
Both promise better then such base confusion.  
Thy birth's divine, from heaven ; thy composure  
Is spirit, and immortal ? thine inclosure

In walls of flesh, nor to make the debtor  
For house-rooms to them, but to make them better,  
Thy Body's thy Freehold, live then as the Lord,  
No Tenant to thine own: some time afford  
To view what state 'tis in: survey each part,  
And above all, take notice of thine Heart.  
Such as that is, the rest is, or will be,  
Better or worse, blame-worthy, or fault-free.  
What? are the ruines such, thou art affraid,  
Or else ashamed, to see how 'tis decay'd?  
Is't therefore thou art loth to see it such,  
As now it is, because it is so much,  
Degenerated now from what it was,  
And should have been? Thine ignorance, alas,  
Will make it nothing better, and the longer  
Evils are suffered grow, they grow the stronger.  
Or hath thine under standing lost its light?  
Hath the dark night of error dimm'd thy sight  
So that thou canst not, though thou would'st, observe  
All things amiss within thee, now they swerve  
From the straight rules of Righteousness, and Reason?  
If so, omit not then this precious season.  
Tis yet School time, as yet the door's not shut.  
Hark how the Master calls. Come let us put  
Up our requests to him, whose Will alone  
Limits his pow'r of teaching, from whom none  
Returns unlearned, that hath once a will  
To be his Scholar, and implore his skill.  
Great searcher of the Heart, whose boundless sight  
Discovers secrets, and doth bring to light  
The hidden things of darkness, who alone  
Perfectly know'st all things that can be known.  
Thou know'st I do not, cannot, have no mind  
To know mine heart: I am not only blind,  
But lame, and listless: thou alone canst make

---

*The School of the Heart.*

---

I

Mee able, willing : and the pains I take,  
As well as the successe, must come from thee,  
Who workest both to will and do in me :  
Having made mee now willing to be taught,  
Make me as willing to learn what I ought.  
Or, if thou wilt allow thy Scholar leave  
To choose his Lesson, lest I should deceive  
My self again, as I have done too often,  
Teach me to know my heart. Thou, thou, canst softe  
Lighten, enliven, purifie, restore,  
And make more fruitful, then it was before,  
Its hardness, darkness, death, uncleanness, loss,  
And barrenness : refine it from the dross,  
And draw out all the dregs, heal ev'ry sore,  
Teach it to know it self, and love the more.  
Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst impart this skill :  
And for other learning take't who will.

B

Emb

## Embleme I.



## CONTAGIO CORDIS.

Cur implevit Satanas cor tuū. Act: 5. 3.  
 Corde bibis, stigium morbi mortisq; venenum,  
 Hic te Dum blandis decipit illecebris.

W. M. Sculpsit.



## **The Infection of the Heart.**

**ACTS 5. 3.**

*Why hath Satan filled thine heart ?*

**Epigr. 1.**

**W**Hilst thou enclin'st thy *Voyce-enveigled ear,*  
The *subtill Serpents Syren-Songs* to hear,  
Thy heart drinks deadly *poyson* drawn from *Hell,*  
And with a *Vip'rous* brood of sin doth swell.

### **ODE. I.**

*The Soul.*

**1.**

Profit, and pleasure, comfort, and content,  
Wisedom, and honour, and when these are spent  
A fresh supply of more ! Oh heav'nly words !  
Are these the dainty fruits, that this fair Tree affords ?

*The Serpent.*

**2.**

Yes these, and many more, if more may be,  
All, that the world contains, in this one Tree  
Contracted is. Take but a tast, and try,  
Thou maist believe thy self, experience can not lye.

*The Soul.*

**3.**

But thou maist lye : and with a false pretence  
Of friendship rob me of that excellence,  
Which my Creators bounty hath bestow'd,  
And freely given me, to whom he nothing ow'd.

*The Serpent.*

4.

Strange composition ! so credulous.  
 And at the same time so suspicious !  
 This is the tree of knowledge, and until (or ill  
 Thou eat thereof, how canst thou know what's good

*The Soul.*

5.

God infinitely good my maker is,  
 Who neither will, nor can do ought amiss.  
 The being I receiv'd, was that he sent,  
 And therefore I am sure must needs be excellent :

*The Serpent.*

6.

Suppose it be : yet doubtless he that gave  
 Thee such a being must himself needs have  
 A better far, more excellent by much : (such  
 Or else be sure that he could not have made thee

*The Soul.*

7.

Such as he made me I am well content  
 Still to continue : for, if he had meant  
 I should enjoy a better state, he would  
 As easily not have giv'n it, if he would.

*The Serpent.*

8.

And it is not all one, if he have given  
 Thee means to get it ? must he still be driven  
 To new wroks of creation for thy sake ?  
 Wilt thou not what he sets before thee dain to take

*The Soul.*

9.

Yes, of the fruits of all the other trees  
 I freely take and eat : they are the fees  
 Allow'd me for the dressing, by the Maker :  
 But of this satall fruit I must not be partaker.

*The Serpent.*

10.

And why ? what danger can it be to eat  
 That which is good, being ordain'd for meat ?  
 Wha

What wilt thou say? God made it not for food?  
Or dur'st thou think that made by him, it is not good?

*The Soul.*

11.

Yes, good it is, no doubt, and good for Meate :  
But I am not allow'd thereof to eat,  
My makers prohibition under pain  
Of death, the day I eat thereof, makes me refrain.

*The Serpent.*

12.

Faint-hearted fondling, canst thou fear to dye,  
Being a Spirit and immortal? Fie.  
God knows this fruit once eaten will refine  
Thy grosser parts alone, and make thee all divine.

*The Soul.*

13.

There's something in it sure: were it not good,  
It had not in the mid'st of th'garden stood :  
And being good, I can no more refrain  
From wishing, then I can the fire to burn, restrain.

14.

Why do I trifle then? what I desire  
Why do I not? Nothing can quench the fire  
Of longing, but fruition. Come what will,  
Eat it I must, that I may know what's good and ill.

*The Serpent.*

15.

So, thou art taken now : that resolution  
Gives an eternal date to thy confusion.  
The knowledge thou hast got of good, and ill,  
Is of good gone, and past, of evil present still.

B 3

Emb.



### ABLATIO CORDIS .

Scortatio vinumq; et mustum intercipit -  
mentem. Hos: 4 . 11 .

Scorta<sup>a</sup> placent, et vina placent, sic stult<sup>9</sup> inersq;  
Ex animisq; animus: sic sine Corde Cor est .  
W.M. sculp:



## The taking away of the Heart.

H O S. 4. 11.

*Whoredome and Wine, and new Wine take away  
the Heart.*

Epigr. 2.

**B** Ase lust and luxury, the scum and dross  
Of hell-born pleasures, please thee to the loss  
Of thy souls precious eye-sight, reason; so  
Mindless thy mind, heartless thine heart doth grow.

ODE. 2.

I.

Laid down already? and so fast a sleep?  
Thy precious Heart left loosely on thine hand,  
Which with all diligence thou shouldst keep,  
And guard against those enemies, that stand  
Ready prepar'd to plunge it in the deep  
Of all distress? Rouze thee, and understand  
In time, what in the end thou must confess,  
That misery at last and wretchedness  
Is all the fruit that springs from slothful idleness.

3.

Whilst thou li'st soaking in security,  
Thou drown'st thy self in sensual delight,  
And wallow'st in debauched luxurie,  
Which when thou art awake and see'st, will fright  
Thine heart with horror. When thou shalt descry

B 4

Ey

By the day light, the danger of the night,  
 Then, then, if not too late, thou wilt confess,  
 That endless misery and wretchedness  
 Is all the fruit that springs from riotous excess.

## 3.

Whilst thou dost pamper thy proud flesh, and thrust  
 Into thy panck the prime of all thy store,  
 Thou dost but gather fuel for that lust,  
 Which boiling in thy liver runneth o're,  
 And fricth in thy throbbing Veins, which must  
 Needs vent, or burst, when they can hold no more.  
 But oh consider what thou shalt confess  
 At last, that misery and wretchedness  
 Is all the fruit that springs from lustful wantonness.

## 4.

Whilst thou dost feed effeminate desires  
 With spumy pleasures, whilst fruition  
 The coals of lust, fans into flaming fires,  
 And spurious delights thou doatest on,  
 Thy mind through cold remisness ev'n expires,  
 And all the active vigour of't is gone.  
 Take heed in time, or else thou shalt confess  
 At last that misery and wretchedness  
 Is all the fruit that springs from careless-mindedness.

## 5.

Whilst thy regardless sense-dissolved mind  
 Lies by unbent, that should have been thy spring  
 Of motion, all thy headstrong passions find  
 Themselves let loose, and follow their own swing,  
 Forgetful of the great account behind,  
 As though there never wou'd be such a thing,  
 But, when it comes indeed, thou wilt confess  
 That misery alone and wretchedness  
 The fruit that springs from soul-forgetfulness.

6.

Whilst thou remembreſt not thy later end,  
Nor what a reck'ning thou on day muſt make,  
Putting no difference betwixt foe and friend,  
Thou ſuffer'ſt helliſh Fiends thine heart to take,  
Who, all the while thou triſleſt, do attend,  
Ready to bring it to the Lake

Of fire and brimſtone : where thou ſhalt confeſs  
That endleſs miſery and wretchedneſs  
Is all the fruit that ſprings from ſtupid heartleſneſs.

B 5

Emb?

## Embleme 2



## CORDIS TENEBRÆ .

Obtenebratum est decipiens cor eorum. Rom. <sup>124</sup>

Heu tenebras Cordis: tenebræ quibus exteriores

Succedent nisi Lux tibi luce mea .

W. M. sculp



## The darkneſs of the Heart.

ROM. 1. 21.

*Their fooliſh Heart was darkened.*

Epigr. 3.

*Such cloudy ſhadows have eclips'd thine heart  
As Nature cannot parallel nor Art :  
Unleſs thou take my light of truth to guide thee,  
Blackneſs of darkneſs will at length betide thee.*

ODE. 3.

1.

Tarry, O tarry, leſt thine heedleſs haſt  
Hurry thee headlong unto hell at laſt :

See, ſee, thine heart's already half-way there,  
Thoſe gloomy ſhadows, that encompass it,  
Are the vaſt confines of th' infernal' pit.

O ſtay, and if thou lov'ſt not light, yet fear  
That ſmall darkneſs, where  
Such danger doth appear.

2.

A night of ignorance hath overspread  
Thy mind and underſtanding : thou art led  
Blindfolded by unbridled paſſion :  
Thou wand'reſt in the crooked ways of error,  
Leading directly to the King of terror :

The courſe thou takeſt, if thou holdeſt on,  
Will bury thee anon  
In deep deſtruction.

## 3.

Whilst thou art thus deprived of thy sight,  
 Thou know'st no difference between noon and night,  
 Though the Sun shine, yet thou regard'st it not.  
 My love-alluring beauty cannot draw thee,  
 Nor doth my mind-amazing terrour awe thee :  
 Like one that had both good and ill forgot,  
 Thou carest not a jot  
 What falleth to thy lot.

## 4.

Thou art become unto thy self a stranger,  
 Observest not thine own desert, or danger,  
 Thou know'st not what thou dost, nor canst thou tell  
 Whither thou goest : shooting in the dark  
 How canst thou ever hope to hit the Mark ?  
 What expectation hast thou to do well,  
 That art content to dwell  
 Within the verge of hell ?

## 5.

Alas, thou hast not so much knowledge left,  
 As to consider that thou art bereft  
 Of thine own eye-sight. But thou run'st, as though  
 Thou sawest all before thee : whilst thy mind  
 To neereft necessary things is blind.  
 Thou knowest nothing as thou ought'st to know,  
 Whilst thou esteamest so  
 The things that are below.

## 6.

Would ever any, that had eyes, mistake  
 As thou art wont to do : no difference make  
 Betwixt the way to heaven and to hell ?

But,

But, desperately devoted to destruction,  
Rebell against the light, abhor instruction?

As though thou did'st desire with death to dwell,  
Thou hatest to hear tell  
How yet thou maist do well.

7.

Oh that thou didst but see how blind thou art,  
And feel the dismall darkness of thine heart:

Then would'st thou labour for, and I would lend  
My light to guide thee: that's not light alone,  
But life, eyes, sight, grace, glory, all in one. (bend,

Then should'st thou know whither those by-ways  
And that death in the end  
On darkness doth attend.

**Emb.**

## Embleme 4.



## CORDIS FVGA

columba seducta non ha<sup>b</sup>ens COR. *oia 7. n.*

Quam fugeret fugitiua tuum COR si COR haberes

Non meminisse mei non meminisse sui :

4. Michel nam lechem exeu



## The absence of the Heart.

PROV. 17 16.

*Wherefore is there a price in the hand of a  
fool to get wisdom, seeing he hath no heart  
to it?*

Epigr. 4.

**H**Ad'st thou an heart, thou fickle Fugitive,  
How would thine heart hate and disdain to live  
Mindful of such vain trifles, as these be,

ODE. 4.

*The Soul.*

1.

Brave, dainty, curious, rare, rich, precious things!  
Able to make fate blasted mortals blest,  
Peculiar treasures, and delights for Kings,  
Thar having pow'r of all, would choose the best.  
How do I hugg mine happiness, that have  
Present possession of what others crave?

*Christ.*

2.

Poor, silly, simple, sense-betrotted soul,  
Why dost thou hug thy self-procured woes?  
Release thy freeborn thoughts, at least controul  
Those passions, that enslave thee to thy foes.  
How would'st thou hate thy self, if thou did'st know  
The baseness of those things thou prizest so!

*The*

*The Soul.*

3.

They talk of goodness, vertue, piety,  
 Religion, honesty, I know not what ;  
 So let them talk for me : so long as I  
 Have goods and lands, and gold and jewells, that  
 Both equall and excell all other treasure, (sure?  
 Why should I strive to make their pain my plea-

*Christ.*

4.

So Swine neglect the Pearls that lie before them,  
 Trample them under foot, and feed on drasse :  
 So fools gild rotten Idols, and adore them,  
 Cast all the corn away, and keep the chaff.  
 That ever reason should be blinded so,  
 To grasp the shadow, let the substance go !

*The Soul.*

5.

All's but opinion that the world accounts  
 Matter of worth : as this or that man sets  
 A value on it, so the price amounts :  
 The sound of strings is vari'd by the frets.

My mind's my Kingdom : why should I withstand,  
 Or question that, which I my self command ?

*Christ.*

6.

Thy tyrant passions captivate thy reason :  
 Thy lusts usurp the guidance of the mind :  
 Thy sense-led fancy barter good for geason :  
 Thy seed is vanity, thine harvest wind :

Thy rules are crooked, and thou writ'st awry :  
 Thy wayes are wandring, and thy mind to die.

*The Soul.*

7.

This table fums me myriads of pleasure :  
 That book enrolls mine honours inventory :  
 These bags are stuf with millions of treasure :

Those

Those writings evidence my state of glory :  
These bells ring heavenly musick in mine ears,  
To drown the noise of cumbrous cares and fears.

*Christ.*

8.

Those pleasures one day will procure thy pain :  
That which thou glori'st in, will be thy shame :  
Thou'lt find thy loss in what thou thought'st thy  
Thine honour will put on another name. (gain:  
That musick in the close will ring thy knell,  
In stead of heaven, toll thee into hell.

9.

But why do I thus waste my words in vain  
On one, that's wholly taken up with toys,  
That will not loose one dram of earth to gain  
A full eternal weight of heav'nly joyes ?  
All's to no purpose, 'tis as good forbear,  
As speak to one, that hath no heart to hear.

Emb.

## Embleme 5.



## CORDIS VANITAS.

Qui minoratur CORDE cogitat inania. *Ecclesiastes 16. 23*

*Ambitio follis vento distendit honorum*

*COR vanum; hunc spirat nil nisi grande NIHIL.*

*g. Michel van Lechem oec.*

## The Vanity of the Heart.

JOB 15. 31.

*Let not him that is deceived trust in Vanity, for  
Vanity shall be his recompence.*

Epigr. 5.

**A**mbition bellows with the wind of honour  
Pufft up the swelling heart, that dotes upon her :  
Which fill'd with empty Vanity, breaths forth  
Nothing, but such things as are nothing worth.

ODE. 5.

I.

The bane of Kingdoms, worlds disquieter,  
Hells heir apparent, Sarans eldest son,  
Abstract of ills, refined Elixir,  
And quintessence of sin, Ambition,  
Sprung from th'infernal shades, inhabits here,  
Making mans heart its horrid mansion,  
Which, though it were of vast content before,  
Is now pufft up, and swells still more and more.

2.

Whole Armies of vain thoughts it entertains,  
Is stult with dreams of Kingdoms, and of Crowns,  
Presumes of profit without care or pains,  
Threatens to baffle all its foes with frowns,

In



In ev'ry bargain makes account of gaines,  
 Fancies such frolick mirth, as choaks and drowns  
 The voyce of conscience, whose loud alarms  
 Cannot be hard for pleasures countercharms.

3.

Wer't not for anger, and for pity, who  
 Could choose but smile to see vain-glorious men  
 Racking their wits, straining their sinews so,  
 That thorow their transparent thinness, when  
 They meet with Wind and Sun, they quickly grow  
 Riv'led and dry, shrink till they crack again,  
 And all but to seem greater then they are: (bare.  
 Stretching their strength, they lay their weakness.

4.

See how hells Fweller his bellows piles,  
 Blowing the fire, that burnt too fast before:  
 See how the furnace flames, the sparkles rise  
 And spread themselves abroad still more and more:  
 See how the doting Soul hath fixt her eyes  
 On her dear fooleries, and doth adore  
 With hands and heart lift up, those nissing toys,  
 Wherewith the Devil cheats her of her joyes.

5.

Alas, thou art deceiv'd, that glittering crown,  
 On which thou gazest, is not gold but grief,  
 That scepter sorrow: if thou take them down,  
 And try them, thou shalt find what poor relief  
 They could afford thee, though they were thine own,  
 Didst thou command ev'n all the world in chief,  
 Thy comforts would abate, thy cares encrease,  
 And thy perplexed thoughts disturb thy peace.

6.

Those Pearls so thorow pierc'd, and strung together,

Though

Though Jewels in thine ears they may appear,  
Will prove continu'd perils, when the weather  
Is clouded once, which yet is fair and clear.  
What will that Fan, though of the finest feather,  
Steed thee, the brunt of winds and storms to bear?  
Thy flagging colours hang their drooping head,  
And the shrill trumpets sound, shall strike thee dead.

7.

Were all those balls, which thou in sport dost toss,  
Whole Worlds, and in thy power to command,  
The gain would never countervail the loss,  
Those slipp'ry globes will glide out of thine hand,  
Thou canst have no fast hold but of the cross,  
And thou wilt fall, where thou dost think to stand.  
Forfake these follies then, if thou wilt live:  
Timely repentance may thy death reprove.

Emb.

## Embleme 6.



## CORDIS AGGRAVATIO.

Fili hominum, usquequò gravi CORDE, *Psalm. 4. 3.*

*Crapula et ebrietas solidi duo pondera plumbi.*

*Nata polo, sursum tendere. CORDA vetant.*

¶ Michel uan lochem excu

## The oppression of the Heart.

LVKE 21. 34.

*Take heed lest at any time your Hearts be over-  
charged with Surfeiting and Drunkenness.*

Epigr. 6.

**T**wo massy weights, Surfeitting, Drunkenness,  
Like mighty Logs of Lead, do so oppress  
The Heav'n-born hearts of Men, ebat to aspire  
Upwards they have nor power nor desire.

ODE. 3.

I.

Monster of sins! See how th'inchanted soule  
O'recharg'd already, calls for more.  
See how the Hellish Skinker plies his Bowle,  
And's ready furnished with store,  
Whilst Cups on every side  
Planted, attend the tide.

2.

See how the piled Dishes mounted stand,  
Like Hills advanced upon Hills,  
And the abundance both of Sea and Land,  
Does not suffice, ev'n what it fills,  
Mans dropsey appetite,  
And Cormorant delight.



3.

See how the poyson'd body's pufte, and swel'd,  
The face enflamed glows with heat,  
The limbs unable are themselves to weld,  
The pulses (deaths alarm) do beat:  
Yet man sits still, and laughs,  
Whilst his own bane he quaffs.

4.

But where's thine heart the while, thou senseles sot?  
Look how it lieth crush'd, and quell'd,  
Flat beaten to the board, that it cannot  
Move from the place, where it is held,  
Nor upward once aspire  
With heavenly desire.

5.

Thy belly is thy God, thy shame thy, glory,  
Thou mindest only earthly things;  
And all thy pleasure is but transitory,  
Which grief at last and sorrow brings:  
The courses thou dost take  
Will make thine heart to ache.

6.

Is't not enough to spend thy precious time  
In empty idle complement,  
Unless thou strain (to aggravate thy crime)  
Nature beyond its own extent,  
And force it to devour  
An Age within an hour?

7.

That which thou swallow'st is not lost alone,  
But quickly will revenged be,  
By feasting on thine heart, which like a stone,



Lyes buri'd in the mid'st of thee,  
Both void of common sense  
And reasons excellence.

8.

Thy body is diseases Rendevouze,  
Thy mind the market place of vice,  
The Devil in thy will keeps open house,  
Thou liv'st, as though thou would'st intice  
Hell torments unto thee,  
And thine own Devil be.

9.

Oh, what a dirty dunghill art thou grown,  
A nasty stinking kennel foule!  
When thou awak'st and see'st what thou hast done,  
Sorrow will swallow up thy Soul,  
To think how thou art soyl'd,  
And all thy glory spoyl'd.

10.

Or if thou canst not be asham'd, at least  
Have some compassion on thy self:  
Before thou art transformed all to beast,  
At last strike sail, avoid the shelf,  
Which in that Gulf doth lie,  
Where all that enter die.

C

Emb.

## Embleme 7.



## CORDIS AVARITIA.

Diuitiæ si affluant, nolite COR

apponere. Psal. 61. 11.

COR ubi sit queris vaga et excors. scilicet hic est

Est ubi, quod proprio plus tibi corde placet.

7 Michel uant lochem excu

## The Covetousness of the Heart,

MAT. 6. 21.

*Where your Treasure is, there will your  
Heart be also.*

Epigr. 7.

**D**Ost thou enquire, thou heartless wanderer,  
*where thine heart is? Behold, thine heart is here:  
Here thine heart is, where that is, which above  
Thine own dear heart thou dost esteem, and love.*

ODE. 7.

I.

See the deceitfulness of sin,  
And how the Devil cheateth worldly men:  
They heap up Riches to themselves, and then  
They think they cannot chuse but win,  
Though for their pates  
They stake their hearts.

2.

The Merchant sends his heart to Sea  
And there together with his ship 'tis tost:  
If this by chance miscarry, that is lost,  
His confidence is cast away:  
He hangs the head,  
As he were dead.

C 2

32

3.

The Pedlar cries, What do you lack?  
What will you buy? and boasts his Wares the best:  
But offers you the refuse of the rest,  
As though his heart lay in his Pack,  
Which greater gain  
Alone can drain.

4.

The Plough-man furrows up his Land,  
And sows his heart together with his Seed,  
Which both alike, earth-born on earth do feed,  
And prosper, or are at a stand:  
He and his field  
Like fruit do yeeld.

5.

The Broker, and the Scriv'ner have  
The Us'ers heart in keeping with his bands:  
His soul's dear sustenance lyes in their hands,  
And if they break, their shop's his grave.  
His int'rest is  
His only blifs.

6.

The Money-horder in his bags  
Binds up his heart, and locks it in his Chest;  
The same key serves to that, and to his brest,  
Which of no other Heaven brags:  
Nor can conceit  
A joy so gear.

7.

So for the greedy Landmunger:  
The Purchases he makes in ev'ry part  
Take livery and seizin of his heart:

Yet

Yet his insatiate hunger,  
For all his store,  
Gapes after more.

8.

Poor wretched Muckworms, wipe your eyes,  
Uncase those trifles that before you so:  
Your rich appearing wealth is real woe,  
Your death in your desires lyes.  
Your hearts are where  
You love, and fear.

9.

Oh, think not then the world deserves  
Either to be belov'd, or fear'd by you:  
Give heaven these affections as its due,  
Which always what it hath preserves  
In perfect bliss  
That endless is.



## Embleme 8.



APERTIO CORDIS.

LANCEA LONGINI.

*Vulnerata charitate ego sum. cant. 2. 5.**COR. pia. transfadigat diuin vulnere amoris**Lancea que Iesu tincta cruore rubet.**M. non habem exen*

## The hardness of the Heart.

Z E C H. 7. 12.

*They made their Hearts as an Adamant Stone,  
lest they should hear the Law.*

Epigr. 8.

**W**ords move thee not, nor works: nor gifts, nor  
Thy sturdy Adamantine heart provokes (strokes:  
My Justice, sleights my mercies: Anvile-like  
Thou stand'st unmov'd, though my hammer strike.

O D E. 8.

I.

What have we here? An Heart? It looks like one,  
The shape and colour speak it such:  
But having brought it to the touch  
I find it is no better then a stone.

Adamants are  
Softer by far.

2.

Long hath it steeped been in Mercies Milk,  
And soaked in Salvation,  
Meet for the alteration  
Of Anvils, to have made them soft as silk;  
Yet it is still  
Hard'ned in ill.

C 4

Of

3.

Oft have I rain'd my Word upon it, oft  
 The dew of Heaven hath distil'd,  
 With promises of mercy fill'd,  
 Able to make mountains of marble soft:  
 Yet it is not  
 Changed a jot.

4.

My beams of love shine on it every day,  
 Able to thaw the thickest ice,  
 And where they enter in a trice  
 To make congealed Chrystal melt away:  
 Yet warm they not  
 This frozen clot,

5.

Nay more, this hammer, that is wont to grind  
 Rocks unto dust, and powder small,  
 Makes no impression at all,  
 Nor dint, nor crack, nor flaw, that I can find:  
 But leaves it as  
 Before it was.

6.

Is mine Almighty arm decay'd in strength?  
 Or hath mine hammer lost its weight?  
 That a poor lump of earth should sleight  
 My mercies, and not feel my wrath at length,  
 With which I make  
 Ev'n heav'n to shake?

7.

No, I am still the same, I alter not,  
 And, when I please, my works of wonder  
 Shall bring the stoutest spirits under,

And

And make them to confess it is their lot  
To bow or break,  
When I but speak.

8.

But I would have men know, 'tis not my word,  
Or works alone can change their hearts;  
These instruments perform their parts,  
But 'tis my Spirit doth this fruit afford.  
'Tis I, not art,  
Can melt mans heart.

9.

Yet would they leave their customary sinning,  
And so unclench the devils claws,  
That keeps them captive in his paws,  
My bounty soon should second that beginning;  
Ev'n hearts of steel.  
My force should feel.

## Embleme 9.



## CORDIS DIVISIO.

Divisum est COR eorum: nunc  
interibunt. *osea. io. 2.*

*Ne tibi cum totum dederim vanissima. CORDIS.*

*Cur mihi virgo tui pars aliquanta datur?*

9 *Michel uan lochem oeu*



## The Division of the Heart.

H O S. 10. 2.

*Thine Heart is divided? now shall they  
be found faulty.*

Epigr. 9.

**V**ain trifling Virgin, I myself have given  
wholly to thee : and shall I now be driven  
To rest contented with a petty part,  
That have deserved more then a whole heart?

O D E. 9.

I.

More mischief yet? was't not enough before  
To rob me wholly of thine heart,  
Which I alone  
Should call mine own,  
But thou must mock me with a part?  
Crown injury with scorn to make it more?

2.

What's a whole heart? scarce flesh enough to serve  
A Kite one breakfast : how much less,  
If it should be  
Offer'd to me?  
Could it sufficiently express  
What I for making it at first deserve?

3.

I gave't thee whole, and fully furnished  
With all its faculties entire,  
There wanted not  
The smallest jot,  
That strictest justice could require  
To render it compleatly perfected.

4.

And is it reason what I give in gross  
Should be return'd but by retail?  
To take to small  
A part for all,  
I reckon of no more avail,  
Then where I scatter gold to gather dross.

5.

Give me thine heart but as I gave it thee:  
Or give it me at least as I  
Have given mine  
To purchase thine.  
I halv'd it not when I did die:  
But gave my self wholly to set thee free.

6.

The heart I gave thee was a living heart,  
And when thy heart by sin was slain,  
I laid down mine  
To ransom thine,  
That thy dead heart might live again,  
And live entirely perfect, not in part.

7.

But whilst thine heart's divided it is dead,  
Dead unto me, unless it live  
To me alone,  
It is all one

To

To keep all, and a part to give:  
For what's a body worth without an Head?

8.

Yet this is worse, that what thou keep'st from me  
Thou dost bestow upon my foes:  
And those not mine  
Alone, but thine.

The proper causes of thy woes,  
For whom I gave my life to set thee free.

9.

Have I betroth'd thee to my self, and shall  
The devil, and the world, intrude  
Upon my right,  
Ev'n in my sight?  
Think not thou canst me so delude.  
I will have none, unless I may have all.

10.

I made it all, I gave it all to thee,  
I gave all that I had for it:  
If I must loose,  
I'll rather choose  
Mine interest in all to quit:  
Or keep it whole, or give it whole to me.

Emb.

## Embleme 10.



CORDIS INSATIABILITAS .

Insatiabilis oculus cupidi. *Eccli. 14. 9.*

Non triquetrum toto COR est Satiabile mundo.

Solum, quæ fecit, COR replet vna trias.

10 Michel uan lochem excu

## The Insatiableness of the Heart.

HAB. 2. 5.

*Who enlargeth his desire as Hell, and is as death,  
and cannot be satisfied.*

Epigr. 10.

**T**He whole round world is not enough to fill  
The Hearts three corners, but it craveth still.  
Only the Trinity, that made it, can  
Suffice the vast triangled Heart of man.

ODE. 10.

1.

The Thirsty Earth, and Barren Womb cry, Give:  
The Grave devoureth all that live:  
The fire still burneth on, and never saith,  
It is enough: The Horse-leech hath  
Many more Daughters: but the heart of man  
Out-gapes them all as much as heav'n one span.

2.

Water hath drown'd the earth: The Barren Womb,  
Hath seem'd sometimes, and been the Tomb  
To its own swelling issue: and the Grave  
Shall one day a sick surfeit have:  
When all the Fuel is consum'd, the fire  
Will quench it self, and of it self expire.



## 3.

But the vast heart of man's insatiate,  
His boundless appetite dilate  
Themselves beyond all limits, his desires  
Are endless still: whilst he aspires  
To happiness, and fain would find that treasure  
Where it is not, his wishes know no measure.

## 4.

His eye with seeing is not satisfi'd,  
Nor's ear with hearing: he hath tri'd  
At once to furnish ev'ry sev'ral sense,  
With choice of curious objects, whence  
He might extract, and into one unite  
A perfect quintessence of all delight.

## 5.

Yet, having all that he can fancy, still  
There wanteth more to fill  
His empty appetite. His mind is vext,  
And he is inwardly perplex  
He knows not why: when as the truth is this,  
He would find something there, where nothing is.

## 6.

He rambles over all the faculties,  
Ransacks the secret treasures  
Of Art and Nature, spells the Universe  
Letter by letter, can rehearse  
All the Records of time, pretends to know  
Reasons of all things, why they must be so.

## 7.

Yet is not so contented, but would fain  
Prie in Gods Cabiner, and gain  
Intelligence from heav'n of things to come,  
Anticipate the day of Doom,

And

And read the issues of all actions so,  
As if Gods secret counsel he did know.

8.

Let him have all the wealth, all the renown,  
And glory, that the world can crown  
Her dearest darlings with; yet his desire  
Will not rest there, but still aspire.  
Earth cannot hold him, nor the whole creation  
Contain his wishes, or his expectation.

9.

The heart of man's but little, yet this All  
Compared thereunto's but small,  
Of such a large unparallel'd extense  
Is the short-lin'd circumference  
Of that three-corner'd figure, which to fill  
With the round world is to leave empty still.

10.

Go greedy soul, address thy self to heav'n,  
And leave the world, as 'tis bereav'n  
Of all true happiness, or any thing  
That to thine heart content can bring,  
But there a trine-une God in glory sits,  
Who all grace-thirsting hearts both fills and fits.

Emb.

## Embleme I I.



## CORDIS REVERSIO.

Redite prauaricatores ad COR. *Isai. 46. 6*

*Quin mihi iam toties reuocata reuerteris ad COR !*

*Velle redire, merum velle perire, puta.*

*Michel uan lochem excu.*

## The Returning of the Heart.

ISAY. 46. 8.

*Remember this, and shew your selves like men:  
Bring it again to heart, O ye transgressors.*

Epigr. 11.

**O**ft have I call'd thee : O return at last,  
Return unto thine heart : let the time past  
Suffice thy wanderings : know that to cherish  
Revolt'ing still, is a meer will to perish.

ODE. 11.

*Christ.*

1.

Return O wanderer, return, return.

Let me not always wast my words in vain

As I have done too long. Why dost thou spurn (gain?

And kick the counsels that should bring thee back a-

*The Soul.*

2.

What's this that checks my course? Me thinks I feel

A cold remisness seising on my mind:

My stagger'd resolutions seem to reel,

As though they had in hast forgot mine heart behind.

*Christ.*

3.

Return, O wanderer, return, return.

Thou art already gone too far away,

It is enough: unless thou mean to burn

In hell for ever, stop thy course at last and stay.

*The Soul.*

4.

There's something holds me back, I cannot move

Forward

Forward one foot : me thinks the more I strive  
The less I stir. Is there a pow'r above  
My will in me, that can my purposes reprove?

*Christ.*

5.

No power of thine own : 'tis I, that lay  
Mine hand upon thine haste : whose will can make  
The restless motions of the heavens stay, (take  
Stand still, turn back again, or new found courses

*The Soul.*

6.

What? am I riveted, or rooted here?  
That neither forward, nor on either side  
I can get loose? then there's no hope I fear,  
But I must back again, whatever me betide.

*Christ.*

7.

And back again thou shalt. I'll have it so.  
Though thou hast hitherto my voice neglected,  
Now I have handed thee, I'll have thee know,  
That what I will have done shall not be uneffected.

*The Soul.*

8.

Thou wilt prevail then, and I must return.  
But how? or whither? when a world of shame,  
And sorrow, lies before me, and I burn  
With horror in my self to think upon the same.

-9.

Shall I return to thee? Alas, I have  
No hope to be received : a run-away,  
A rebel to return! mad men may rave  
Of mercy miracles, but what will justice say?

10.

Shall I return to mine own heart? Alas,  
'Tis lost, and dead, and rotten long ago,  
I cannot find it what at first it was,  
And it hath been too long the cause of all my woe.



11.

Shall I forsake my pleasures, and delights,  
My profits, honours, comforts, and contents,  
For that, the thought whereof my mind affrights,  
Repentant sorrow, that the soul asunder rents?

12.

Shall I return, that cannot though I would?  
I, that had strength enough to go astray,  
Find my self faint, and feeble, how I should  
Return. I cannot run I cannot creep this way.

13.

What shall I doe? Forward I must not go,  
Backward I cannot: If I tarry here,  
I shall be drowned in a world of woe,  
And antedate my own damnation by despair.

14.

But is't not better hold that which I have,  
Then unto future expectation trust?  
Oh no: to reason thus is but to rave.  
Therefore return I will, because return I must.

15.

Return, and welcome: if thou wilt thou shalt!  
Although thou canst not of thy self, yet I,  
That call, can make thee able. Let the fault  
Be mine, if when thou wilt return I let thee lye.

Emb.

## Embleme 12.



## CORDIS EFFUSIO .

Effunde, sicut aquam COR tuum  
ante conspectum Domini *Thren. 2. 19.*

*Vota quid ocluso, quid vulnera pectore celas?*

*Ante Deum fusę COR natet, ins tar aque*  
12 *Michel uan lochem excu*

## The powring out of the Heart,

LAM. 2. 19.

*Powre out thine Heart like Water before the  
face of the Lord.*

Epigr. 12.

**W**HY dost thou hide thy wounds? why dost thou bide  
In thy close breast thy wishes, and so hide  
with thine own sears and sorrows? Like a spout  
Of water let thine Heart to God break out.

ODE. 12.

*The Soul.*

I.

Can death, or hell, be worse then this estate?  
Anguish, amazement, horror, and Confusion,  
Drown my distracted mind in deep distress.  
My grief's grown so transcendent, that I hate  
To hear of comfort, as a false Conclusion  
Vainly infer'd from feigned Premises.

What shall I do? what strange course shall I try,  
That, though I loath to live, yet dare not die?

*Christ.*

2.

Be rul'd by me, I'll teach thee such a way,  
As that thou shalt not only drain thy mind  
From that destructive deluge of distress,  
That overwhelms thy thoughts, but clear the day,  
And soon recover light, and strength to find,  
And to regain thy long lost happiness.

Confess, & pray. Say what it is doth ail thee, (thee.  
What thou wouldst have, and that shall soon avail

*The*

*The Soul.*

3.

Confess and pray ? If that be all, I will.  
 Lord, I am sick, and thou art health, restore me.  
 Lord, I am weak, and thou art strength, sustain me.  
 That thou art all goodness, Lord, and I all ill.  
 Thou Lord, art holy, I unclean before thee.  
 Lord, I am poor, and thou art rich, maintain me.  
 Lord, I am dead, and thou art life, revive me.  
 Justice condemns, let mercy, Lord, reprieve me.

4.

A wretched miscreant I am, compos'd  
 Of sin, and misery ; 'tis hard to say,  
 Which of the two allyes me most to hell :  
 Native corruption makes me indispos'd  
 To all that's good, but apt to go astray,  
 Prone to do ill, unable to do well,  
 My light is darkness, and my liberty  
 Bondage, my beauty foul deformity.

5.

A plague of leprosie o'rspreadeth all  
 My pow'rs, and faculties : I am unclean,  
 I am unclean : my liver broils with lust,  
 Rancor and malice overflow my gall,  
 Envy my bones doth rot, and keep me lean,  
 Revengeful wrath makes me forget what's just :  
 Mine ear's uncircumcis'd, mine eye is evil,  
 And hating goodness makes me parcell devil.

6.

My callous conscience is cauteriz'd ;  
 My trembling heart shakes with continual fear :  
 My frantick passions fill my mind with madness :  
 My windy thoughts with pride are tympaniz'd :  
 My poys'nous tongue spits venom ev'ry where :

My

My wounded Spirit's swallow'd up with sadness :  
Impatience discontentment plagues me so,  
I neither can stand still, nor forward go.

7.

Lord, I am all diseases : Hospitals,  
And bills of Mountebanks, have not so many,  
Nor half so bad. Lord, hear, and help, and heal me:  
Although my guiltiness for vengeance calls,  
And colour of excuse I have not any,  
Yet thou hast goodness, Lord, that may avail me.  
Lord, I have powr'd out all my heart to thee :  
Vouchsafe one drop of mercy unto me.

D

Emb.



## Embleme 13.



CORDIS CIRCVMCISIO.  
 circumcidite præputium  
 CORDIS uestri. Deuteron .io. 10.

*Crux capulum, chalybem cultro dat lancea. dani  
 Ferrum, hec COR circum-cide deoq3 sacra.*

## The Circumcision of the Heart.

DEUT. 10. 16.

*Circumcise the foreskin of your Heart, and be no more stiff-necked.*

Epigr. 13.

**H**ere, take thy Saviours cross, the nails, and ~~spike~~  
That for thy sake his holy flesh did tear :  
use them as knives thine heart to Circumcise,  
And dress thy God a pleasing sacrifice.

ODE. 13.

I.

Heal thee? I will. But first I'll let thee know  
What it comes to.  
The plaister was prepared long agoe :  
But thou must do  
Something thy self, that it may be  
Effectually apply'd to thee.

2.

I, to that end, that I might cure thy sores,  
Was slain, and dy'd,  
By mine own people was turn'd out of doors,  
And crucify'd :  
My side was pierced with a spear,  
And nails my hands and feet did tear.

3.

Do thou then to thy self, as they to me :  
Make haste, and try,  
The old man, that is yet alive in thee,  
To crucifie.

Till he be dead in thee, my blood  
Is like to doe thee little good :

## 4.

My course of Physick is to cure the Soul  
By killing sin.  
So then thine own Corruptions to controul  
Thou must begin.  
Untill thine heart be circumcis'd,  
My death will not be duly priz'd.

## 5.

Consider then my Cross, my Nails, and Spear,  
And let that thought  
Cut Rasor-like thine heart, when thou dost hear,  
How dear I bought  
Thy freedom from the pow'r of sin,  
And that distress which thou wast in.

## 6.

Cut out the Iron finew of thy neck,  
That it may be  
Supple, and pliant to obey my beck,  
And learn of me.  
Meekness alone, and yeelding, hath  
A power to appease my wrath.

## 7.

Shave off thine hairy scalpe, those curled locks  
Powd'red with pride,  
Wherewith my scornful heart, my judgements mock  
And thinks to hide  
Its thunder-threaned head, which bared  
Alone is likely to be spared.

## 8.

Rip off those seeming robes, but real rags,  
Which earth admires

As honourable ornaments, and brags  
That it attires,  
Cumbers thee indeed. Thy sores  
Festers with what the world adores.

9.

Clip thine Ambitious wings, let down thy plumes,  
And learn to stoop,  
Whilst thou hast time to stand. Who still presumes  
Of strength will droop  
At last, and flag, when he should flye.  
Falls hurt them most that climb most high.

10.

Scrape off that scaly scurffe of vanities,  
That clogs thee so:  
Profits and pleasures are those enemies,  
That work thy woe.  
If thou wilt have me cure thy wounds,  
First rid each humour that abounds.

D 3

Emb.

## Emblème 14.



## CORDIS CONTRITIO.

COR contritum et humiliatum.

Deus, non despicies, *Psalm. 50. 19.*

*In partes quam mille velim contundere COR hoc.*

*Quod fuit auctori sponte rebelle suo.*

14. *Michel van lochem eescu.*



## The Contrition of the Heart.

PSAL. 51. 17.

*A broken and contrite Heart, O God,  
thou wilt not despise.*

Epigr. 14.

**H**ow gladly would I bruise, and break this Heart  
unto a thousand pieces, till the smart  
Make it confess, that, of its own accord,  
It wilfully rebel'd against the Lord?

ODE. 14.

1.

Lord, if I had an arm or pow'r like thine,  
And could effect what I desire,  
My love-drawn heart, like smallest wyre,  
Bended and written should together twine,  
And twisted stand  
With thy command:  
Thou should'st no sooner bid, but I would go,  
Thou should'st not will the thing I would not do.

2.

But I am weak, Lord, and corruption strong :  
When I would fain do what I should,  
Then I cannot do what I would :  
Mine actions short, when mine intention's long ;  
Though my desire  
Be quick as fire,

D 4

Yet

Yet my performance is as dull as earth,  
And stifles its own issue in the birth.

## 3.

But what I can do, Lord, I will, since what  
I would I cannot : I will try  
Whether mine heart, that's hard and dry,  
Being calm'd, and tempered with that  
Liquor which falls  
From mine eye-balls.  
Will work more plainly, and yeeld to take  
Such new impression as thy grace shall make.

## 4.

In mine own conscience then, as in a mortar  
I'll place mine heart, and bray it there :  
If grief for what is past, and fear  
Of what's to come be a sufficient torture,  
I'll break it all  
In pieces small :  
Sin shall not find a sheard without a flaw,  
Wherein to lodge one lust against thy Law.

## 5.

Remember then, mine heart, what thou hast done ;  
What thou hast left undone : the ill  
Of all my thoughts, words, deeds, is still  
Thy cursed issue onely : thou art grown  
To such a pass,  
That never was,  
Nor is, nor will there be, a sin so bad,  
But thou, some way therein an hand hast had.

## 6.

Thou hast not been content alone to sin,  
But hast made others sin with thee,  
Yea made their sins thine own to be,

By liking, and allowing them therein.

Who first begins,

Or follows, sins

Not his own sins alone, but sinneth o're

All the same sins, both after, and before.

7.

What boundless sorrow can suffice a guilt.

Grown so transcendent ? Should thine eye.

Weep Seas of Blood, thy sights outvie

The winds when with the waves they run at tilt,

Yet they could not

Conceal one blot.

The least of all thy sins against thy God

Deserve a thunderbolt should be thy rod.

8.

Enough at once, while thou art whole,

Shiver thy self to dust, and dote

Thy sorrow to the sev'ral atomes, give

All to each part,

And by that art

Strive thy dissever'd self to multiply,

And want of weight with number to supply.

## Embleme 15.



## CORDIS HUMILIATIO.

Deprime COR tuum et sustine. *Eccli. 2. 2*  
 COR. nimis heu. sese. gaudens sublimibus. effert;  
 Nō super impositum. deprimat illud. onus.

Michel uan lochem excu.  
 15

## The Humiliation of the Heart.

ECCL. 7. 9.

*The patient in Spirit, is better then the proud  
in Spirit.*

Epigr. 15.

**M**ine Heart, alas, exalts it self too high,  
And doth delight a loftier pitch to flye,  
Then it is able to maintain, unless  
It feel the weight of thine imposed Preys.

ODE. 15.

I.

So let it be,

Lord, I am well content,  
And thou shalt see

The time is not mis-pent,  
Which thou dost then bestow, when thou dost quell  
And crush the heart where pride before did swell.

2.

Lord, I perceive

As soon as thou dost send,  
And I receive

The blessings thou dost lend,  
Mine heart begins to mount, and doth forget  
The ground whereon it goes, where it is set.

3.



3.

In health I grew  
     Wanton, began to kick,  
 As though I knew  
     I never should be sick.  
 Diseases take me down, and make me know,  
 Bodies of Brass must pay the debt they owe.

4.

If I but dream  
     Of wealth, mine heart doth rise  
 With a full stream  
     Of pride, and I despise  
 All that is good, untill I wake, and spie  
 The swelling bubble prickt with poverty.

5.

A little wind  
     Of undeserved praise  
 Blows up my mind,  
     And my swoln thoughts doth raise  
 Above themselves, until the sense of shame  
 Makes me contemn my self-dishonour'd name.

6.

One moments mirth  
     Would make me run stark mad,  
 And the whole earth,  
     Could it at once be had,  
 Would not suffice my greedy appetite,  
 Did't thou not pain in stead of pleasure write.

7.

Lord, it is well,  
     I was in time brought down,  
 Else thou canst tell,  
     Mine heart would soon have flow'n

Full in thy face, and studi'd to requite  
The riches of thy goodness with despight.

8.

Slack not thine hand,  
    Lord, turn thy Screw about :  
If thy Press stand,  
    Mine heart may chance slip out.  
O quest it unto nothing, rather then  
It should forget it self, and swell again.

9.

Or if thou art  
    Dispos'd to let it go,  
Lord, teach mine heart  
    To lay it self as low,  
As thou canst it : that prosperity  
May still be temper'd with humility.

10.

Thy way to rise  
    Was to descend : let me  
My self despise,  
    And so ascend with thee.  
Thou throw'st them down, that lift themselves on high,  
And raisest them, that on the ground do lie.

**Emb.**

## Embleme 16.



## CORDIS EMOLLITIO.

Deus molliuit COR meum .Iob. 23. 16

COR. marmor glaciale. Deus. æu cera. liquefcet.

Vrere cum tuus hoc ceperit ignis amor.

Michel uan lochem æcū.

## The Softning of the Heart.

JOB 23. 16.

*God maketh my Heart soft.*

Epigr. 16.

**M***ine heart is like a Marble ice,  
Both cold, and hard: but thou canst in a trice  
Melt it like wax, great God, if from above  
Thou kindle in it once thy fire of love.*

ODE. 16.

I.

Nay, blessed Founder, leave me not :  
If out of all this gret  
There can but any gold be got,  
The time thou dost bestow, the cost,  
And pains will not be lost :  
The bargain is but hard at most.  
And such are all those thou dost make with me:  
Thou know'st thou canst not but a loser be.

2.

When the Sun shines with glitt'ring beams,  
His cold dispelling gleames  
Turn snow, and ice to wat'ry streams.  
The Wax, so soon as it hath smelt  
The warmth of fire, and felt  
The glowing heat thereof will melt,

Yea

Yea Pearls with Vinegar dissolve we may,  
And Adamants in Blood of Goats, they say.

## 3.

If nature can do this, much more,  
Lord, may thy grace restore  
Mine heart to what it was before.  
There's the same matter in it still,  
Though new inform'd with ill,  
Yet can it not resist thy will.  
Thy pow'r that fram'd it at the first, as erst  
As thou wilt have it, Lord can make it so.

## 4.

Thou art the Sun of righteousness:  
And though I must confess  
Mine heart's grown hard in wickedness,  
Yet thy resplendent rays of light,  
When once they come in sight,  
Will quickly thaw what froze by Night.  
Lord, in thine healing wings a pow'r doth dwell  
Able to melt the hardest heart in hell.

## 5.

Although mine heart in hardness pass  
Both iron, steel, and brass,  
Yea the hardest thing that ever was,  
Yet, if thy fire thy Spirit accord,  
And working with thy word  
A blessing unto it afford,  
It will grow liquid, and not drop alone,  
But melt it self away before thy throne.

## 6.

Yea, though my flinty heart be such,  
That the Sun cannot touch  
Nor fire sometimes affect it much,  
Yet thy warm reeking self-shed blood,



O Lamb of God, 's so good  
It cannot always be withstood.  
That Aqua-regia of thy love prevails,  
Ev'n where thy powers Aqua-fortis fails.

7.

Then leave me not so soon, dear Lord,  
Though I neglect thy Word,  
And what thy power doth afford,  
Yet try thy mercy, and thy love,  
The force thereof may prove.  
Soake in thy bloud, mine heart will soon surrender  
Its native hardness, and grow soft, and tender.

Emb.

## Embleme 17.



## CORDIS MVNDATIO.

Lava a malitiâ COR tuum. *Ierem. 4. 14.*

*Fons scaturit lateris transfixi valere. sponsi*

*Hoc CORDIS maculas ablue, sponsa. tui.*

*Michel uan lochem excu.*

## The Cleansing of the Heart,

JER. 5. 14.

● *Jerusalem, wash thine Heart from wickedness,  
that thou maist be Saved.*

Epigr. 17.

**O**ut of thy wounded Husbands Saviours side,  
Espoused Soul, there flows with a full tide  
A Fountain for uncleanness: wash thee there,  
wash there thine heart, and then thou need'st not fear.

ODE. 17.

1.

O endless misery!  
I labour still, but still in vain  
The stains of sin I see  
Are oaded all, or di'd in grain.  
There's not a blot  
Will stir a jot  
For all that I can do.  
There is no hope  
In fullers sope,  
Though I add nitre too.

2.

I many ways have tri'd,  
Have often soakt it in cold fears,  
And, when a time I spi'd,  
Powred upon it scalding tears,  
Have rins'd, and rub'd,  
And scrap't and scrub'd,

And

And turn'd it up, and down :  
 Yet can I not  
 Wash out one spot.  
 It's rather fouler grown.

3.

O miserable state !  
 Who would be troubled with an heart,  
 As I have been of late,  
 Both to my sorrow, shame, and smart ?  
 If it will not  
 Be cleaner got,  
 'Twere better I had none.  
 Yet how should we  
 Divided be,  
 That are not two, but one ?

4.

But am I not stark wild,  
 That go about to wash mine heart  
 With hands that are defil'd,  
 As much as any other part ?  
 Whilst all thy tears,  
 Thine hopes, and fears,  
 Both ev'ry word, and deed,  
 And thought is foul,  
 Poor filly Soul,  
 How canst thou look to speed ?

5.

Can there no help be had ?  
 Lord, thou art holy, thou art pure :  
 Mine heart is not so bad,  
 So foul, but thou canst cleanse it sure.  
 Speak, blessed Lord,  
 Wilt thou afford  
 Me means to make it clean ?

I know thou wilt :  
Thy bloud were spilt  
Should it run still in vain.

6.

Then to that blessed spring,  
Which from my Saviours sacred side  
Doth flow, mine heart I'll bring,  
And there it will be purifi'd.

Although the dye,  
Wherein I lie,  
Crimson, or Scarlet were,  
This Bloud I know,  
Will make't, as Snow,  
Or Wool, both clean, and clear.

Emb.



**Embleme 18.**

SPECVLVM CORDIS IN  
 QVINQVE VVLNERIBVS  
 Inspice et fac secundum Exemplar quod  
 tibi in monte monstratum est. Exod. 25. 40.

*Pre speculo CORDIS, COR aspice dulcis Jesu.  
 Imprimet. hoc CORDI, vulnere viva, tuo.*

*Michel van Lochem excu*

## The giving of the Heart.

PROV. 23. 21.

*My Son give me thine Heart?*

Epigr. 18.

**T**He only love, the only fear, thou art,  
Dear, and dread Saviour, of my sin-sick heart.  
Thine heart thou gavest, that it might be mine :  
Take thou mine heart then, that it may be thine.

ODE. 18.

1.

Give thee mine heart ? Lord so I would,  
And there's great reason that I should,  
If it were worth the having :  
Yet sure thou wilt esteem that good,  
Which thou hast purchas'd with thy blood,  
And thought it worth the craving:

2.

Give thee mine heart ? Lord, so I will,  
If thou wilt first impart the skill  
Of bringing it to thee :  
But should I trust my self to give  
Mine heart, as sure as I do live,  
I should deceived be.

3.

As all the value of mine heart  
Proceeds from favour, not desert,  
Acceptance is its worth :

So neither know I how to bring  
A present to my heav'nly King,  
Unless he set it forth.

## 4.

Lord of my life, me thinks I hear  
Thee say, that thee alone to fear,  
And thee alone to love,  
Is to bestow mine heart on thee,  
That other giving none can be,  
Whereof thou wilt approve.

## 5.

And well thou dost deserve to be  
Both loved, Lord, and fear'd by me,  
So good, so great, thou art :  
Greatness so good, goodness so great,  
As passeth all finite conceit,  
And ravisheth mine heart.

## 6.

Should I not love thee, blessed Lord,  
Who freely of thine own accord  
Laid'st down thy life for me ?  
For me, that was not dead alone,  
But desp'rately transcendent grown  
In enmitie to thee ?

## 7.

Should I not fear before thee, Lord,  
Whose hand spans Heaven, at whose word  
Devils themselves do quake ?  
Whose eyes out-shine the Sun, whose beck  
Can the whole course of Nature check,  
And its foundations shake ?

## 8.

Should I with-hold mine heart from thee,

The fountain of felicity,  
Before whose presence is  
Fulness of joy, at whose right hand  
All pleasures in perfection stand,  
And everlasting bliss?

9.

Lord, had I hearts a million,  
And myriads in ev'ry one  
Of choicest loves, and fears,  
They were too little to bestow  
On thee, to whom I all things owe,  
I should be in arrears.

10.

Yet, since my heart's the most I have,  
And that which thou dost chiefly crave,  
Thou shalt not of it miss.  
Although I cannot give it so,  
As I should do, I'll offer't though:  
Lord take it, here it is.

E

Emb.

## Embleme 19.



CORDIS SACRIFICIVM.

Sacrificium deo. Spiritus  
contribulatus. *Psal. 50. 19.*

*Non vituli casive Deo placet hostia tauri:*

*COR mihi qui dedit hic COR sibi poscit amor.*



## The Sacrifice of the Heart.

PSAL. 51. 17.

*The Sacrifices of God are a broken Heart.*

Epigr. 19.

**N**or Calves, nor Bulls, are sacrifices good  
Enough for thee, who gav'st for me thy blood,  
And more then that, thy life : Take thine own part,  
Great God, that gavest all, here take mine heart.

ODE. 19.

1.

Thy former covenant of old,  
Thy Law of Ordinances, did require  
Fat sacrifices from the fold,  
And many other off'rings made by fire.  
Whilst thy first Tabernacle stood,  
All things were consecrate with blood.

2.

And can thy better Covenant,  
Thy law of grace and truth by Jesus Christ,  
Its proper sacrifices want  
For such an Altar, and for such a Priest ?  
No, no, thy Gospel doth require  
Choice off'rings too and made by fire.

3.

A sacrifice for sin indeed,  
Lord, thou didst make thy self, and once for all :  
So that there never will be need  
Of any more sin-off'rings, great, or small.

The life-bloud thou did'st shed for me,  
Hath set my soul for ever free.

4.

Yea, the same sacrifice thou dost  
Still offer in behalf of thine elect :

And to improve it to the most,  
Thy Word, and Sacraments do in effect  
Offer thee oft, and sacrifice  
Thee daily in our ears, and eyes.

5.

Yea, each beleiving soul may take  
Thy sacrificed flesh, and bloud by faith,  
And therewith an atonement make  
For all its trespasses, thy Gospel saith.  
Such infinite transcendent price  
Is there in thy sweet sacrifice.

6.

But is this all? Must there not be  
Peace-offerings, and sacrifices of  
Thanksgiving rendered unto thee?  
Yes, Lord, I know I should but mock, and scoff  
Thy sacrifice for sin, should I  
My sacrifice of praise deny.

7.

But I have nothing of mine own  
Worthy to be presented in thy sight,  
Yea the whole world affords not one  
Or Ram, or Lamb, wherein thou canst delight.  
Less then my self it must not be :  
For thou didst give thy self for me.

8.

My self then I must sacrifice :  
And so I will, mine heart, the onely thing

Thou

Thou dost above all other prize  
As thine own part, the best I have to bring.  
An humble heart's a sacrifice,  
Which I know thou wilt not despise.

9.

Lord, be my altar, sanctifie  
Mine heart thy sacrifice, and let thy Spirit  
Kindle thy fire of love, that I,  
Burning with zeal to magnifie thy merit,  
May both consume my sins, and raise  
Eternal trophies to thy praise,

## Embleme 20.



## CORDIS PONDERATIO.

Appendit CORDA Dominus. *proverb. 21. 2.*

*Quod mihi donasti, magno pro munere non est*

*Si neget hoc. iusti ponderis aqua bilanx.*

*Michel van lochem excu.*

## The weighing of the Heart.

PROV. 21. 2.

*The Lord pondereth the Heart.*

Epigr. 20.

**T**He heart thou giv'st as a great gift, my love,  
Brought to the trial nothing such will prove,  
If Justice equal ballance tell thy sight  
That weighed with my Law, it is too light.

ODE. 20.

I.

'Tis true indeed, an heart  
Such as it ought to be,  
Entire, and sound in ev'ry part,  
Is always welcome unto me.  
He that would please me with an offering  
Cannot a better have, although he were a King.

2.

And there is none so poor,  
But if he will he may  
Bring me an heart, although no more,  
And on mine Altar may it lay.  
The sacrifice which I like best, is such (grutch.  
As rich men cannot boast, and poor men need not

3.

Yet ev'ry heart is not  
A gift sufficient,  
It must be purg'd from ev'ry spot,  
And all to pieces must be rent.

E 4

Thouhg



Though thou hast sought to circumcise, and bruise't,  
It must be weighed too, or else I shall refuse't.

4.

My ballances are just,  
My Law's an equal weight,  
The beam is strong, and thou maist trust  
Thy steady hand to hold it streight.  
Were thine heart equal to the world in fight,  
Yet it were nothing worth, if it should prove too light.

5.

And so thou see'st it doth,  
My pond'rous Law doth press  
This scale, but that, as fill'd with froth,  
Tilts up, and makes no shew of stress.  
Thine heart is empty sure, or else it would  
In weight, as well as bulk, better proportion hold.

6.

Search it, and thou shalt find  
It wants integrity,  
And is not yet so thorow lin'd  
With single ey'd sincerity,  
As it should be: some more humility (stancy)  
There wants to make it weight, and some more con-

7.

Whilst windy vanity  
Doth puff it up with pride,  
And double fac'd hypocrisie  
Doth many empty hollows hide,  
It is but good in part, and that but little,  
Wav'ring unsteadiness makes its resolutions brittle.

8.

The heart, that in my sight  
As currant coyn would pass,

Must

Must not be the least grain too light,  
But as at first it stamped was.  
Keep then thine heart till it be better grown,  
And, when it is full, I'll take it for mine own.

9.

But if thou art ashamed  
To find thine heart so light,  
And art afraid thou shalt be blamed,  
I'll teach thee how to set it right.  
Add to my Law my Gospel, and there see  
My merits thine, and then the scales will equal be.

E 5

Emb.

## Embleme 21.



## CORDIS PROTECTIO

Dedisti eis scutum CORDIS laborem tuum. *Thres. c. 1.*

*Ægide COR 111 mea lux defende laboris.*

*Quem pro CORDE tuus ferre cœgit amor*

21 Michel uan lochem excu

## The trying of the Heart.

PROV. 17. 3.

*The Fining pot for Silver, and the Furnace for Gold : but the Lord trieth the Hearts.*

Epigr. 21.

**T**Hine heart, my deer, more precious is then gold,  
Or the most precious things that can be told :  
Provide first that my pure fire have tri'd  
Out all the dross, and pass it purifi'd.

ODE. 21.

I.

What? take it at adventure, and not try  
What metal it is made of? No, not I.

Should I now lightly let it pass,  
Take sullen lead for silver, sounding brass  
In stead of solid gold, alas,  
What would become of it? In the great day  
Of making jewels 't would be cast away.

2.

The heart thou giv'st me must be such a one,  
As is the same throughout. I will have none

But that, which will abide the fire.  
'Tis not a glitt'ring outside I desire,  
Whose seeming shews do soon expire :  
But real worth within, which neither drossie,  
Nor base allayes, make into loss.

If in the composition

A stubborn steely wilfulness have part,  
     That will not bow and bend to me,  
 Save onely in a meer formality  
     Of tinfell-trim'd hypocrisie,  
 I care not for it, though it shew as fair,  
 As the first blush of the Sun-gilded air.

## 4.

The heart that in my furnace will not melt,  
 When it the glowing heat thereof hath felt  
     Turn liquid, and dissolve in tears  
 Of true repentance for its faults, that hears  
     My threatening voyce, and never fears,  
 Is not an heart worth having. If it be  
 An heart of stone, 'tis not an heart for me.

## 5.

The heart, that cast into my furnace spits,  
 And sparkles in my face, falls into fits  
     Of discontented grudging, whines  
 When it is broken of its will, repines  
     At the least suffering, declines  
 My fatherly correction, is an heart  
 On which I care not to bestow mine art.

## 6.

The heart that in my flames asunder flies,  
 Scatters it self at random, and so lies  
     In heaps of ashes here, and there,  
 Whose dry dispersed parts will not draw neer,  
     To one another, and adhere  
 In a firm union, hath no metal in't  
 Fit to be stamp'd, and coyned in my mint.

## 7.

The heart, that vapours out it self in smoak,  
 And with those cloudy shadows thinks to cloak



Its empty nakedness, how much  
So ever thou esteem'st it, is such  
As never will endure my touch.  
Before I tak't for mine then I will trie  
What kind of metal in thine heart doth lie.

8.

I'll bring it to my furnace, and there see  
What it will prove, what it is like to be.  
If it be Gold, it will be sure  
The hottest fire that can be to endure,  
And I shall draw it out more pure.  
Affliction may refine, but cannot wast,  
That heart wherein my love is fixed fast.

**Emb.**

## Embleme 22.



## CORDIS SCRVTINIVM

Prauum est COR omnium et inscrutabile:  
 Quis cognoscet illud? Ego? Dominus

Scrutans COR et renes. *Jerem. 17. 9.*

Solus ego immersam CORDIS perscrutor abyssum;  
 Nautica quam potis est haud penetrare bolis.

22. Michel uan Lochem excu

## The sounding of the Heart.

JER. 17. 9.

*The Heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it? I the Lord?*

Epigr. 22.

I, That alone am infinite, can try  
How deep within it self thine heart doth lie.  
The Sea-mans plummet can but reach the ground:  
I find that which thine heart it self ne're found.

ODE. 22.

I.

A goodly heart to see to, fair and fat !  
It may be so : and what of that ?  
Is it not hallow ? Hath it not within  
A bottomless whirl-pool of sin ?  
Are there not secret creeks, and cranies there,  
Turning, and winding corners, where  
The heart it self, ev'n from it self may hide,  
And lurk in secret unesp'd ?  
I'le none of it, if such a one it prove :  
Truth in the inward parts is that I love.

2.

But who can tell what is within thine heart ?  
'Tis not a work of Nature, Art  
Cannot perform that task : 'tis I alone,  
Not man, to whom mans heart is known.  
Sound it thou mai'st, and must : but then the line

And

And plummet must be mine, not thine,  
 And I must guide it too, thine hand, and eye  
 May quickly be deceiv'd: but I,  
 That made thine heart at first, am better skil'd  
 To know when it is empty, when 'tis fil'd.

## 3.

Left then thou should'st deceive thy self, for me  
 Thou canst not, I will let thee see  
 Some of those depths of Satan, depths of hell,  
 Wherewith thine hollow heart doth swell.  
 Under pretence of knowledge in thy mind  
 Errour and ignorance I find,  
 Quick-sands of rotten Superstition  
 Spred over with misprision.  
 Some things thou knowest not, misknowest others,  
 And oft thy conscience its own knowledge smothers.

## 4.

Thy crooked will, that seemingly enclines  
 To follow reason dictates, twines  
 Another way in secret, leaves its guide  
 And lags behind, or swarves aside,  
 Crab-like creeps backward when it should have made  
 Progress in good, is retrograde.  
 Whilst it pretends a priviledge above  
 Reasons prerogative, to move  
 As of it self unmov'd, rude passions learn  
 To leave the Car, and take in hand the Stern.

## 5.

The tides of thine affections ebb, and flow,  
 Rise up aloft, fall down below,  
 Like to the suddain land-floods, that advance  
 Their swelling waters but by chance.  
 Thy love, desire, thy hope, delight, and fear,  
 Ramble they care not when, nor where,

Yet

Yet cunningly bear thee in hand they be  
Only directed unto me,  
Or most to me, and would no notice take  
Of other things, but only for my sake.

## 6.

Such strange prodigious impostures lurk  
In thy prestigious heart, 'tis work  
Enough for thee all thy life time to learn  
How thou may'st truly it discern :  
That, when upon mine altar thou dost lay  
Thine off'ring, thou may'st safely say,  
And swear it is an heart : for, if it should  
Prove only an heart-case, it would  
Nor pleasing be to me, nor do thee good :  
An heart's no heart, not rightly understood.

Emb.



## Embleme 23.



## CORDIS RECTIFICATIO.

Rectis CORDE Lætitia Psal. 96. 11.  
*id rectam, persæpe, mei. COR. Cordis, amussim,*  
*Si rectum cupias, exige nata, tuum.*

Michel nan lochem excū

23

## The levelling of the Heart.

PSAL. 97. 11.

*Gladness to the upright in Heart.*

Epigr. 23.

**S**ET thine heart hpright, if thou would'st rejoyce,  
And please thy self in thine hearts pleasing choice :  
But then be sure thy plum, and level be  
Rightly appli'd to that which pleaseth me.

ODE. 23.

I.

Nay, yet I have not done : one trial more  
Thine heart must undergo, before  
I will accept of it :  
Unless I see  
It upright be  
I cannot think it fit  
To be admitted in my sight,  
And to partake of mine eternal light.

2.

My Will's the rule of righteousness, as free  
From error as uncertainty :  
What I would have is just.  
Thou must desire  
What I require,  
And take it upon trust :  
If thou prefer thy will to mine,  
The levels lost, and thou go'st out of line.

3.

Do'st thou not see how thine heart turns aside,

And

And leans toward thy self? How wide  
 A distance there is here?  
 Untill I see  
 Both sides agree  
 Alike with mine, 'tis cleer  
 The middle is not where't should be,  
 Likes something better, though it look at me.

## 4.

I, that know best how to dispose of thee,  
 Would have thy portion poverty,  
 Lest wealth should make thee proud,  
 And me forget:  
 But thou hast set  
 Thy voice to cry aloud  
 For riches, and unless I grant  
 All that thou wishest, thou complain'st of want.

## 5.

I, to preserve thine health, would have thee fast  
 From Natures dainties, lest at last  
 Thy senses sweet delight  
 Should end in smart:  
 But thy vain heart  
 Will have its appetite  
 Pleased to day, though grief, and sorrow  
 Threaten to cancel all thy joyes to morrow.

## 6.

I, to prevent thy hurt by climbing high,  
 Would have thee be content to lie  
 Quiet and safe below,  
 Where peace doth dwell;  
 But thou dost swell  
 With vast desires, as though  
 A little blast of vulgar breath  
 Were better then deliverance from death.

7.

I, to procure thy happiness, would have  
Thee mercy at mine hands to crave :  
But thou dost merit plead,  
And wilt have none  
But of thine own,  
Till Justice strike thee dead.  
And all thy crooked paths go cross to mine.

Emb.

I,

## Embleme 24.



## CORDIS RENOVATIO.

Dabo uobis COR nouum, et spiritum nouum  
ponam in medio uestri. *Esai. 56. 26.*

*Cum noua cuncta placent, vetus o, COR. pone nouumq.*

*Quod tibi pro vetri sponsa repono capc.*

24

*Michel van lochem excu.*



## The renewing of the Heart.

EZEK. 36. 26.

*A new Heart will I give you, and a new Spirit  
will I put within you.*

Epigr. 24.

**A**Rt thou delighted with strange novelties,  
which often prove but old fresh garnish'd lies?  
Leave then thine old, take the new heart I give thee:  
condemn thyself, that so I may relieve thee.

ODE. 24.

I.

No, no, I see

There is no remedy,

An heart, that wants both weight, and worth,

That's fill'd with naught but empty hollownes,

And screw'd aside with stubborn wilfulness,

Is onely fit to be cast forth,

Nor to be given me

Nor kept by thee.

2.

Then let it go,

And if thou wilt bestow

An acceptable heart on me,

He furnish thee with one shall serve the turn

Both to be kept, and given: which will burn

With zeal, yet not consumed be:

Nor with a scornful eye

Blast standers by.

3.

The heart, that I  
 Will give thee, though it lie  
 Buri'd in seas of sorrows, yet  
 Will not be drown'd with doubt, or discontent,  
 Though sad complaints sometimes may give a vent  
 To grief, and tears the cheeks may wet,  
 Yet it exceeds their art  
 To hurt his heart.

4.

The heart I give,  
 Though it desire to live,  
 And bath it self in all content,  
 Yet will not toyle, or taint it self, with any :  
 Although it take a view, and tast of many,  
 It feeds on few, as though it meant  
 To break fast only here,  
 And dine elsewhere.

5.

This heart is fresh,  
 And new : an heart of flesh,  
 Not, as thine old one was, of stone.  
 A livey sp'ritly heart, and moving still,  
 Active to what is good, but slow to ill :  
 An heart, that with a sigh, and groane  
 Can blast all worldly joyes,  
 As trifling toyes.

6.

This heart is sound,  
 And solid will be found ;  
 'Tis not an empty ayrie flash,  
 That baits at Butterflies, and with full cry  
 Opens at ev'ry flirting vanity.  
 It sleights, and scorns such paltry trash :

But

But for eternity  
Dares live, or die.

7.

I know thy mind :  
Thou seek'st content to find  
In such things as are new, and strange.  
Wander no further then : lay by thine old,  
Take the new heart I give thee, and be bold  
To boast thy self of the exchange,  
And say, that a new heart.  
Exceeds all art.

F

Emb.

## Embleme 25.



## CORDIS ILLUMINATIO.

Illuminabuntur CORDA uestra. *Eccli. 2. 19.*

*Lux de luce Deus cæci lux unica mundi.*

*CORDE graues tenebras discute luce tua.*

## The enlightening of the Heart.

PSAL. 34. 5.

*They looked unto him, and were lightened.*

Epigr. 25.

**T**Hou that art Light of lights, the onely sight  
Of the blind world, lend me thy saving light :  
Disperse those mists, which in my soul have made  
Darkness as deep as Hells eternal shade.

ODE. 25.

I.

Alas, that I  
Could not before espie  
The Soul confounding misery  
Of this, more then Egyptian dreadfull night !  
To be deprived of the light,  
And to have eyes, but eyes devoid of sight,  
As mine have been, is such a woe,  
As he alone can know,  
That feels it so.

2.

Darkness hath been  
My God and me between  
Like an opacous doubled skreen,  
Through which nor light, nor heat could passage find:  
Gross ignorance hath made my mind,  
And understanding not bleer-ey'd, but blind;  
My will to all that's good is cold,  
Nor can I, though I would,  
Do what I should.

3. No



3.

No, now I see  
 There is no remedy  
 Left in my self: it cannot be  
 That blind men in the dark should find the way  
 To blessedness: although they may  
 Imagine the high midnight is noon-day,  
 As I have done till now, they'll know  
 At last unto their woe,  
 'Twas nothing so.

4.

Now I perceive  
 Presumption doth bereave  
 Men of all hope of help, and leave  
 Them, as it finds them, drown'd in misery:  
 Despairing of themselves, to cry  
 For mercy is the onely remedy  
 That sin-sick souls can have; to pray  
 Against this darkness may  
 Turn it to day.

5.

Then unto thee,  
 Great Lord of light, let me  
 Direct my Prayer, that I may see.  
 Thou, that did'st make mine eyes, canst soon restore  
 That pow'r of sight they had before,  
 And, if thou seest it good, canst give them more.  
 The night will quickly shine like day,  
 If thou do but display,  
 One glorious ray.

6.

I must confess,  
 And I can do no less

Then

Thou art the Sun of righteousness :  
There's healing in thy wings : thy light is life ;  
My darkness death. To end all strife,  
Be thou mine husband, let me be thy wife.  
Though light, and life divine,  
Will all be mine.

## Embleme 26.



## CORDIS TABVLA LEGES.

Dabo legem meam in uiscēbus eorum,  
 et in CORDE eorum scribam eam *Jerem. 31 33.*  
 Scribo nouam teneri nunc CORDIS in æquore legem,  
 Cum vetus in duris sit mihi scripta petris.

26 Michel uan Lochem excū

## The Table of the Heart.

JER. 31. 33.

*I will put my Law in their inward parts, and  
write it in their Hearts.*

Epigr. 26.

**I**N the soft table of thine heart I'll write  
A new Law, which I will newly indite.  
Hard stony Tables did contain the old :  
But tender leaves of flesh shall this infold.

ODE. 26.

1.

What will thy light  
Avail thee, or my light,  
If there be nothing in mine heart to see  
Acceptable to me ?  
A less-worth heart will not  
Please me, or do thee any good, I wot,  
The paper must be thine,  
The writing mine.

2.

What I indite  
'Tis I alone can write,  
And write in Books that I my self have made.  
'Tis not an easie trade  
To read or write, in hearts :  
They that are skilfull in all other arts,  
When they take this in hand,  
Are at a stand.

F. 4

3. My

## 3.

My Law of old  
Tables of stone did hold,  
Wherein I writ what I before had spoken,  
Yet were they quickly broken :  
A sign the Covenant  
Contain'd in them, would due observance want.  
Nor did they long remain  
Copy'd again.

## 4.

But now I'll try  
What force in flesh doth lie :  
Whether thine heart renew'd, afford a place  
Fit for my Law of grace.  
This Covenant is better  
Then that, though glorious, of the killing letter.  
This gives life, not by merit,  
But by my spirit.

## 5.

When in mens hearts,  
And their most inward parts,  
I by my Spirit write my Law of love,  
They then begin to move,  
Not by themselves, but me,  
And their obedience is their liberty.  
There are no slaves, but those  
That serve their foes.

## 6.

When I have writ  
My Covenant in it,  
View thine heart by my light, and thou shalt see  
A present, fit for me.  
The worth for which I look,

Lies



Lies in the lines, not in the leaves of th'book.  
Course paper may be lin'd  
With words refin'd.

7.

And such are mine.  
No furnace can refine  
The choicest silver so to make it pure,  
As my Law put in ure  
Purgeth the hearts of men:  
Which being rul'd, and written with my Pen,  
My Spirit, ev'ry letter  
Will make them better.

**Embleme 27.****ARATIO · CORDIS.**

Conuertar ad vos, et arabimini, et  
accipietis sementem. *Ezech. 36. 9.*

**CORDIS** agrum. *Crucis cia tue proscindat aratrum.*

*Cui verbi inspergas semina, Sponse. tui.*

*Michel uan Lochem excū*

## The Tilling of the Heart.

EZEK. 36. 9.

*I will turn unto you, and ye shall be Tilled,  
and Sowne.*

Epigr. 27.

**M**ine heart's a field, thy cross a plow : be pleas'd  
Dear Spouse to till it, till the mould be rais'd  
Fit for the Seeding of thy word : then sow,  
And if thou shine upon it, it will grow.

ODE. 27.

1.

So now me thinks I find  
Some better vigour in my mind,  
My will begins to move,  
And mine affections stir towards things above :  
Mine heart grows big with hope, it is a field,  
That some good fruit may yield,  
If it were till'd, as it should be,  
Not by my self, but thee.

2.

Great Husband-man, whose pow'r  
All difficulties can devour,  
And do what likes thee best,  
Let not thy field, mine heart, lie lay, and rest,  
Lest it be over-run with noysome weeds,  
That spring of their own seeds :  
Unless thy grace the growth should stop,  
Sin would be all my crop.

3. Brea

3.

Break up my fallow ground,  
 That there may not a clod be found  
 To hide one root of sin.  
 Apply thy plow betime : now, now begin  
 To furrow up my stiff, and starvy heart,  
 No matter for the smart,  
 Although it roar, when it is rent,  
 Let not thine hand relent.

4.

Corruption's rooted deep,  
 Showers of repentant tears must steep  
 The mould to make it soft :  
 It must be stir'd, and turn'd, not once, but oft.  
 Let it have all its seasons. O impart  
 The best of all thine art.  
 For, of it self it is so tough,  
 All will be but enough.

5.

Or, if it be thy will  
 To teach me, let me learn the skill  
 My self to plow mine heart :  
 The profit will be mine, and 'tis my part  
 To take the pains, and labour though th' encrease  
 Without thy blessing cease :  
 If fit for nothing else, yet thou  
 May'st make me draw thy Plow.

6.

Which of thy Plows thou wilt,  
 For thou hast more then one. My guilt,  
 Thy wrath, thy rods, are all  
 Plows fit to tear mine heart to pieces small :  
 And, when in these it apprehends thee neer,

'Tis

'Tis furrowed with fear :  
Each weed turn'd under, hides its head,  
And shews as it were dead.

7.

But, Lord, thy blessed passion  
Is a Plow of another fashion,  
Better then all the rest.  
Oh fasten me to that, and let the best  
Of all my powers strive to draw it in,  
And leave no room for sin.  
The vertue of thy death can make  
Sin its fast hold forsake.

Emb.



**Embleme 28.****SEMINATIO IN COR.**

Verbum seminatum est in CORDE. *Mat. 13. 9.*

*Semina iam terræ manda, diuine colone.*

*Nē nostri sterilis sit tibi CORDIS ager.*

28<sup>m</sup>

*Michel van Lochem excū*

## The Seeding of the Heart.

LUKE 8. 15.

*That on the good ground are they, which with an honest, and good heart, having heard the Word, keep it, and bring forth fruit with patience.*

Epigr. 28.

**L**est the field of mine heart should unto thee,  
Great Husband-man that mad'st it, barren be,  
Manure the ground, then come thy self and seed it;  
And let thy servants water it, and weed it.

ODE. 28.

I.

Nay, blessed Lord,  
Unless thou wilt afford  
Manure, as well as tillage, to thy fiel'd,  
It will not yield  
That fruit which thou expectest it should bear :  
The ground I fear  
Will still remain  
Barren of what is good: and all the grain  
It will bring forth,  
As of its own accord, will not be worth  
The pains of gathering  
So poor a thing.

2.

Some faint desire,

That

That quickly will expire,  
Wither, and die, is all thou canst expect.

If thou neglect  
To sow it now 'tis ready, thou shalt find  
That it will blind,  
And harder grow  
Then at the first it was. Thou must bestow  
Some further cost,  
Else all thy former labour will be lost.  
Mine heart no corn will breed  
Without thy seed.

## 3.

Thy Word is seed,  
And manure too: will feed,  
As well as fill mine heart. If once it were  
Well rooted there,  
It would come on apace: O then neglect  
No time: expect  
No better season:  
Now, now thy field mine heart is ready: reason  
Surrenders now,  
Now my rebellious will begins to bow,  
And mine affections are  
Tamer by far.

## 4.

Lord, I have lain  
Barren too long, and vain  
I would redeem the time, that I may be  
Fruitful to thee,  
Fruitful in knowledge, faith, obedience,  
Ere I go hence:  
That when I come  
At harvest to be reaped, and brought home,  
Thine Angels may

My soul in thy celestial garner lay,  
Where perfect joy, and bliss  
Eternal is.

5.

If, to intreat  
A crop of purest wheat,  
A blessing too transcendent should appear  
For me to be  
Lord, make me what thou wilt, so thou wilt take  
What thou dost make,  
And not disdain  
To house me, though amongst thy choicest grain,  
So I may be  
Laid with the gleanings gathered by thee,  
When the full sheaves are open,  
I am content.

Embo

## Embleme 29.



## CORDIS IRRIGATIO.

Rigabo hortum meum Plantationum. *Eccl. 24. 42.*

Telluri clausuri cælo patet: impleve rorem.

CORDIS ab hoc vario flore virescet humus.

29 Michel van Loëken excudit



## The watering of the Heart,

ISA. 27. 3.

*I the Lord do keep it. I will water it every  
moment.*

Epir. 29.

**C**lose downwards tow'rs the earth, open above  
Tow'rs heaven mine heart is. O let thy love  
Distill in fructifying dews of grace,  
And then mine heart will be a pleasant place.

ODE. 29.

I.

See how this dry, and thirsty land,  
Mine heart doth gaping gasping stand,  
And close below opens towards heav'n, and thee.  
Thou Fountain of felicity,  
Great Lord of living waters, water me:  
Let not my breath that paints with pain,  
Waste, and consume it self in vain.

2.

The mists, that from the earth do rise,  
An heav'n-born heart will not suffice:  
Cool it without they may, but cannot quench  
The scalding heat within, nor drench  
Its dusty dry desires, or fill one trench.  
Nothing, but what comes from on high,  
Can heav'n bred longings satisfie.

3.

See how the Seed, which thou did'st sow  
Lie

Lies parch'd, and wither'd, will not grow  
 Without some moisture, and mine heart hath none,  
 That it can truly call its own,  
 By nature of it self, more then a stone :  
 Unless thou water'st, it will lie  
 Drowned in dust, and still be dry.

## 4.

Thy tender plants can never thrive,  
 Whilst want of water doth deprive  
 Their roots of Nourishment : which makes them call,  
 And cry to thee, great All in All,  
 The seasonable show'rs of grace may fall,  
 And water them : thy Word will do't,  
 If thou vouchsafe thy blessing to't.

## 5.

O then be pleased to unseal  
 Thy fountain, blessed Saviour, deal  
 Some drops at least, wherewith my drooping spirits  
 May be revived. Lord, thy merits  
 Yield more refreshing then the world inherits :  
 Rivers, yea Seas, but ditches are,  
 If with thy springs we them compare.

## 6.

If not full show'rs of rain, yet Lord,  
 A little pearly dew afford,  
 Begot by thy celestial influence  
 On some chaste vapour, raised hence  
 To be partaker of thine excellence :  
 A little, if it come from thee,  
 Will be of great avail to me.

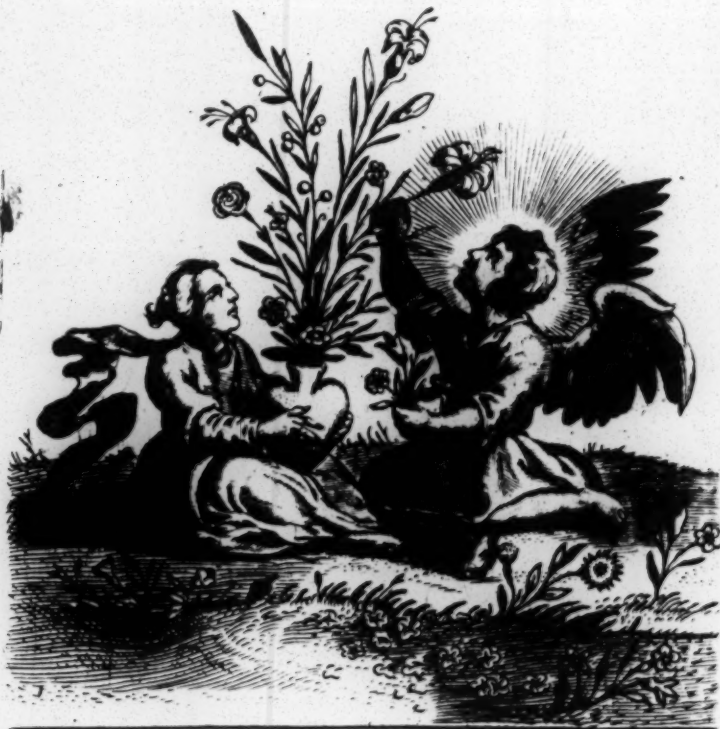
## 7.

Thou boundless Ocean of grace,  
 Let thy free spirit have a place  
 Within mine heart : full rivers then I know

Of living waters forth will flow,  
And all thy plants, thy fruits, and flow'rs will grow.  
Whilst thy Springs, their roots do nourish,  
They must needs be fat, and flourish.

Emb.

## Embleme 30.



## CORIS FLORES.

Dilectus meus descendit in hortum  
suum. ut lilia colligat. Cant. 5. 1.

*Hec tibi. nata tuo de semine. consecro, sponse -  
Lilia .et his patrium floribus addo solum.*

30 Michel van lochem excu.

## The Flowers of the Heart.

CANT. 6. 2.

*My beloved is gone down into his Garden, to the  
Beds of Spices, to feed in the Gardens, and to  
gather Lillies.*

Epigr. 30.

**T**hese Lillies I do consecrate to thee,  
Beloved Spouse, which spring as thou mai'st see,  
Out of the seed thou sowest, and the ground  
Is better'd by thy Flow'rs, when they abound.

ODE. 30.

I.

Is there a joy like this?  
What can augment my bliss?  
If my beloved will accept  
A posie of these flowers kept,  
And consecrated unto his content,  
I hope hereafter he will not repent  
The cost, and pains he hath bestow'd  
So freely upon me, that ow'd  
Him all I had before,  
And infinitely more.

2.

Nay, try them blessed Lord,  
Take them not on my word,  
But let the colour, tast, and smell,  
The truth of their perfections tell.  
Thou that art infinite in wisdom see,



If they be not the same that came from thee,  
 If any difference be found,  
 It is occasion'd by the ground,  
 Which yet I cannot see  
 So good as it should be.

## 3.

What say'st thou to that Rose,  
 That Queen of flowers, whose  
 Maiden blushes, fresh, and fair,  
 Out-brave the dainty morning air?  
 Dost thou not in those lovely leaves espy  
 The perfect picture of that modesty,  
 That self-condemning shamefastness,  
 That is more ready to confess  
 A fault, and to amend,  
 Then it is to offend?

## 4.

Is not this Lilly pure?  
 What Fuller can procure  
 A white so perfect, spotless, clear,  
 As in this flower doth appear?  
 Dost thou not in this milky colour see  
 The lively lustre of sincerity,  
 Which no hypocrisie hath painted,  
 Nor self-respecting ends have tainted?  
 Can there be to thy sight  
 A more entire delight?

## 5.

Or wilt thou have beside  
 Violets purple-di'd?  
 The Sun-observing Marigold,  
 Or Orpin never waxing old,  
 The Primrose, Cowslip, Gilliflow'r, or Pinke,  
 Or any flow'r, or Herb, that I can think

Then

Thou hast a mind unto? I shall  
Quickly be furnisht with them all,  
If once I do but know  
That thou wilt have it so.

## 6.

Faith is a fruitful grace,  
Well planted stores the place,  
Fills all the borders, beds, and bow'rs  
With wholesome herbs, and pleasant flow'rs:  
Great Gardiner, thou saist, and I believe!  
What thou dost mean to gather, thou wilt give.  
Take then mine heart in hand to fill'r,  
And it shall yield thee what thou wilt.  
Yea thou, by gath'ring more,  
Shalt still increase my store.

G

Emb.

## Embleme 31.



## CORDIS CVSTODIA.

Omni custodia serua COR tuum. *Prou. 4. 23*

Quam bene conclusum vigil hic COR protegit hortum,

Prostricto munit quem timor cuse. *Dei.*

31

*Michel van lochem exu.*

## The keeping of the Heart.

PROV. 4. 23.

*Keep thy Heart with all diligence.*

Epir. 31.

**L**ike to a garden, that is closed round,  
That heart is safely kept, which still is found  
Compass with care, and guarded with the fear  
Of God, as with a flaming sword, and spear.

ODE. 31.

*The Soul.*

1.

Lord, wilt thou suffer this? Shall vermine spoil  
The fruit of all thy toyl,  
Thy trees, thine herbs, thy plants, thy flow'rs thus:  
And for an overplus  
Of spite, and malice overthrow thy mounds,  
Lay common all thy grounds?  
Canst thou endure thy pleasant garden should  
Be thus turn'd up as ordinary mould?

*Christ.*

2.

What is the matter? why do'st thou complain?  
Must I as well maintain,  
And keep, as make thy fences? wilt thou take  
No pains for thine own sake?  
Or doth thy self-confounding fancy fear thee,  
When there's no danger near thee?  
Speak out thy doubts, and thy desires, and tell me,  
What enemy or can, or dares to quell thee?

G 2

The

*The Soul.*

3.

Many, and mighty, and malicious, Lord,  
 That seek, with one accord,  
 To work my speedy ruine, and make haste  
 To lay thy garden waste.  
 The devil is a ramping roaring Lion,  
 Hates at his heart thy Zion,  
 And never gives it respite day, nor hour,  
 But still goes seeking whom he may devour.

4.

The world's a wilderness, wherein I find  
 Wild beasts of ev'ry kind,  
 Foxes, and Wolves, and Dogs, and Boars, and Bears;  
 And which augments my fears,  
 Eagles and Vultures, and such birds of prey,  
 Will not be kept away:  
 Besides the light-aborring Owls, and Bats,  
 And secret corner-creeping Mice and Rats.

5.

But these, and many more would not dismay  
 Me much, unless there lay  
 One worse then all within, my self I mean,  
 My false, unjust, unclean,  
 Faithless, disloyal self, that both entice,  
 And entertain each vice.  
 This homebred traiterous partaking's worse,  
 Then all the violence of forain force.

6.

Lord, thou maist see my fears are grounded, rise  
 Not from a bare surmise,  
 Or doubt of danger only, my desires  
 Are but what need requires,  
 Of thy divine protection, and defence  
 To keep these vermine hence:

Which



Which, if they should not be restrain'd by thee,  
Would grow to strong to be kept out by me.

*Christ.*

7.

Thy fear is just, and I approve thy care.

But yet thy comforts are

Provided for, ev'n in that care, and fear :

Whereby it doth appear

Thou hast what thou desirest, my protection

To keep thee from defection.

The heart that cares, and fears, is kept by me.

I watch thee, whilst thy foes are watch'd by thee.

G 3

Emb.

## Embleme 32.



## CORDIS VIGILIA.

Ego dormio. et COR meum uigilat. *Cant. 5. 2.*

*Te uigil exquirat COR. dum sopor occupat artus.*

*Nec sine te noctu nec potis esse die.*

*Michel uan lochem excū*

## The watching of the Heart.

CANT. 5. 2.

*I sleep, but my Heart waketh.*

Epigr. 32.

**W**Hilst the soft bands of sleep tie up my senses,  
My watchful heart, free from all such pretences,  
Searches for thee, enquires of all about thee,  
Nor day, nor night, able to be without thee.

ODE. 32.

I.

It must be so: that God that gave  
Me senses, and a mind, would have  
Me use them both, but in their several kinds.  
Sleep must refresh my senses, but my mind's  
A sparkle of heav'nly fire, that feeds  
On action, and employment, needs  
No time of rest: for, when it thinks to please  
Itself with idleness, 'tis least at ease.

Though quiet rest refresh the head,  
The heart that stirs not sure is dead.

2.

Whilst then my body ease doth take,  
My rest refusing heart shall wake:  
And that mine heart the better watch may keep,  
I'll lay my senses for a time to sleep.

Wanton desires shall not entice,  
Nor lust enveigle them to vice:  
No fading colours shall allure my sight,

G A

Nor sounds enchant mine ears with their delight :  
 I'll bind my smell, my touch, my tast,  
 To keep a strict religious fast.

3.

My worldly business shall lie still,  
 That heav'nly thoughts my mind may fill :  
 My *Martha's* cumb'ring cares shall cease their noise,  
 That *Mary* may attend her better choice,  
 That meditation may advance  
 Mine heart on purpose, not by chance,  
 My body shall keep holy day, that so  
 My mind with better liberty may go  
 About her business, and ingross  
 That gain, which worldly men count loss,

4.

And though my senses sleep the while,  
 My mind my senses shall beguile  
 With dreams of thee, dear Lord, whose rare perfections  
 Of excellence are such, that bare inspections  
 Cannot suffice my greedy soul,  
 Nor her fierce appetite controul,  
 But that the more she looks, the more she longs,  
 And strives to thrust into the thickest throngs  
 Of those divine discoveries,  
 Which dazell even Angels eyes.

5.

Oh could I lay aside this flesh,  
 And follow after thee with fresh  
 And free desires, my disentangled soul,  
 Ravish'd with admiration, should roule  
 It self, and all its thoughts on thee,  
 And by believing strive to see,  
 What is invisible to flesh and blood,  
 And only by fruition understood,

The

The beauty of each sev'ral grace,  
That shines in thy Sun-shining face.

6.

But what I can do that I will,  
Waking and sleeping, seek thee still:  
I'll leave no place unpri'd into behind me,  
Where I can but imagine I may find thee:  
I'll ask of all I meet, if they  
Can tell thee where thou art, which way  
Thou go'st, that I may follow after thee,  
Which way thou com'st, that thou mai'st meet with me.  
If not thy face, Lord, let mine heart  
Behold with *Moses* thy back part.



## Embleme 33.



## CORDIS VLNERATIO.

Tetendit arcum suum. et posuit me quasi  
signum ad sagittam. *Jhren. 3. 12.*

*Mille COR hoc validis. mea lux. transfige sagittis.  
Pharmaca sunt tua quę vulnera dextra facit.*

*Michel van Lochem excu \**

## The wounding of the Heart.

L A M. 3. 12.

*He hath bent his bow, and set me as a Mark  
for the Arrow.*

Epigr. 33.

**A** Thousand of thy strongest shafts, my light,  
Draw up against this heart with all thy might,  
And strike it through : They, that in need do stand  
Of cure, are healed by thy wounding hand.

O D E. 33.

I.

Nay, spare me not dear Lord, it cannot be  
They should be hurt, that wounded are by thee.

Thy shafts will heal the hearts they hit,  
And to each sore its salve will fit.

All hearts by Nature are both sick, and sore,  
And mine as much as any else, or more :

There is no place that's free from sin,  
Neither without it, nor within,  
And universal maladies do crave  
Variety of medicines to have.

2.

First, let the arrow of thy piercing eye,  
Whose light outvieth the star-spangled skie,  
Strike through the darkness of my mind,  
And leave no cloudy mist behind.

Let thy resplendent rays of knowledge dart  
Bring beams of understanding to mine heart,

To my sin-shadow'd heart, wherein  
 Black ignorance did first begin  
 To blur thy beauteous Image, and deface  
 The glory of thy self-sufficing grace.

## 3.

Next let the shaft of thy sharp-pointed pow'r  
 Discharged by that strength that can devour  
 All difficulties, and encline  
 Stout opposition to resign  
 Its steely stubbornness, subdue my will,  
 Make it hereafter ready to fulfill  
 Thy royal Law of righteousness,  
 As gladly, as I must confess  
 It hath fulfilled heretofore th' unjust,  
 Profane, and cruel Laws of its own lust.

## 4.

Then let that love of thine, which made thee leave  
 The bosome of thy Father, and bereave  
 Thy self of thy transcendent glory,  
 Matter for an eternal story,  
 Strike through mine affections all together,  
 And let that Sun shine cleer the cloudy weather,  
 Wherein they wander without guide,  
 Or order, as the wind, and tide  
 Of floating vanities transport, and toss them,  
 Till self-begotten troubles curb and cross them.

## 5.

Lord, empty all thy Quivers, let there be  
 No corner of my spacious heart left free,  
 Till all be but one wound, wherein  
 No subtil sight-abhorring sin  
 May lurk in secret unesp'd by me,  
 Or reign in power unsubdu'd by thee.  
 Perfect thy purchas'd victory,

That

That thou mai'st ride triumphantly,  
And leading captive all captivity  
Mai'st put an end to enmity in me.

6.

Then, blessed Archer, in requital I  
To shoot thine arrows back again will try.

By pray'rs, and praises, sighs, and sobs,  
By vows, and tears, by groans, and throbs,  
I'll see if I can pierce, and wound thine heart,  
And vanquish thee again by thine own art.

Or, that we may at once provide  
For all mishaps that may betide,  
Shoot thou thy self, thou polisht shaft, to me,  
And I will shoot my broken heart to thee.

Emb.

## Embleme 34.



## CORDIS INHABITATIO.

Misit Deus spiritum filii sui in  
CORDA nostra. . . galat. 4. 6.

Spiritus, ô mea lux, CORDIS, tuus, incolat ædem.  
Sponse, vt amore tuo mî redameris, amans.

34 Michel uan lochem excu



## The inhabiting of the Heart.

GAL. 4. 6.

*God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son  
into your hearts.*

Epigr. 34.

**M**ine heart's an house, my light, and thou canst tell  
There's room enough, O let thy Spirit dwell  
For ever there : that so thou mai'st love me,  
And being lov'd I may again love thee.

ODE. 34.

I.

Welcome, great guest, this house, mine heart,  
Shall all be thine :  
I will resign  
Mine interest in ev'ry part :  
Onely be pleas'd to use it as thine own  
For ever, and inhabite it alone :  
There's room enough, and if the furniture  
Were answerably fitted, I am sure  
Thou would'st be well content to stay,  
And by thy light  
Possess my sight  
With sense of an eternal day.

2.

It is thy building, Lord, 'twas made  
At thy command,  
And still doth stand  
Upheld, and shelter'd by the shade

Of thy protecting providence: though such  
 As is decayed, and repaired much,  
 Since the removal of thy residence,  
 When with thy grace, glory departed hence,  
     It hath been all this while an Inn  
     To entertain  
     The vile, and vain,  
 And wicked companies of sin.

## 3.

Although't be but an house of clay,  
     Fram'd out of dust,  
     And such as must  
 Dissolved be, yet it was gay,  
 And glorious indeed, when ev'ry place  
 Was furnished, and fitted with thy grace :  
 When in the Presence-chamber of my mind,  
 The bright Sun-beams of perfect knowledge shin'd :  
     When my will was thy Bed-chamber,  
     And ev'ry Pow'r  
     A stately Tow'r  
 Sweetned with thy Spirits amber.

## 4.

But whilst thou do'st thy self absent,  
     It is not grown  
     Noysome alone,  
 But all to pieces torn, and rent.  
 The windows all are stop'd, or broken so,  
 That no light without wind can thorow go.  
 The roof's uncovered, and the wall's decay'd,  
 The door's flung off the hooks, the floor's unlay'd,  
     Yea, the foundation rotten is,  
     And ev'ry where  
     It doth appear  
 All that remains is far amiss,

5. But

S.

But if thou wilt return again,  
And dwell in me,  
Lord, thou shalt see

What care I'll take to entertain  
Thee, though not like thy self, yet in such sort,  
As thou wilt like, and I shall thank thee for't.  
Lord, let thy blessed Spirit keep possession  
And all things will be well ; at least confession  
Shall tell thee what's amiss in me,  
And then thou shalt  
Or mend the fault,  
Or take the blame of all on thee.

Emb.

## Embleme 35.



## CORDIS DILATATIO.

Viam mandatorum tuorum cucurri, cum dilatasti

COR meum Psal 118. 32.

Quam volupe est quod amare prius COR duxit amarum.

Angustam lato currere CORDE viam!

38 Michel uan lochem excu

## The enlarging of the Heart.

PSAL. 119. 32.

*I will run the way of thy Commandements, when  
thou shalt enlarge my Heart.*

Epigr. 35.

**H**ow pleasant is that now, which heretofore  
Mine heart held bitter, sacred learnings love?  
Enlarged hearts enter with greatest ease  
The straitest paths, and run the narrowest ways.

ODE. 35.

1.

What a blessed change I find,  
Since I entertain'd this guest !  
Now me thinks another mind  
Moves and rules within my brest.  
Surely I am not the same,  
That I was before he came,  
But I then was much too blame.

2.

When before my God commanded  
Any thing he would have done,  
I was close, and gripple-handed,  
Made an end ere I begun.  
If he thought it fit to lay  
Judgements on me, I could say  
They are good, but shrink away.

3.

All the ways of righteousness



I did think were full of trouble,  
 I complain'd of tediousness,  
 And each duty seemed double.  
     Whilst I serv'd him but of fear,  
     Ev'ry minute did appear  
     Longer far then a whole year.

## 4.

Strictness in Religion seemed  
 Like a pined pinion'd thing :  
 Bolts, and Fetters I esteemed  
 More befitting for a King,  
     Then for me to bow my neck,  
     And be at anothers beck,  
     When I felt my conscience check.

## 5.

But the case is alter'd now :  
 He no sooner turns his eye,  
 But I quickly bend, and bow,  
 Ready at his feet to lie :  
     Love hath taught me to obey  
     All his precepts, and to say,  
     Not to morrow, but to day.

## 6.

What he wills I say I must :  
 What I must I say I will :  
 He commanding, it is just  
 What he would I should fulfill.  
     Whilst he biddeth I believe  
     What he calls for he will give.  
     To obey him is to live.

## 7.

His Command'ments grievous are not  
 Longer then men think them so :

Though

Though he send me forth I care not,  
Whilst he gives me strength to goe.  
When, or whither, all is one,  
On his bus'ness, not mine own,  
I shall never go alone.

8.

If I be compleat in him,  
And in him all fulness dwelleth.  
I am sure aloft to swim,  
Whilst that Ocean overswelldeth,  
Having him that's All in All,  
I am confident I shall  
Nothing want, for which I call.

**Emb.**

## Embleme 36.



## CORDIS INFLAMMATIO.

Concaliuit COR meum intra me, et in meditatione  
mea exardescet ignis Psal. 38. 4.

Perge, Amor et succende mei penetralia CORDIS;  
vinat vt in patris, ceu Salamandra, rogo.

36 Michel uan lochem excu

## **The Inflaming of the Heart.**

PSAL. 39. 3.

*My heart was hot within me : while I was  
musing the fire burned.*

Epigr. 36.

**S**Pare not, my love, to kindle, and enflame  
Mine heart within throughout, until the same  
Break forth, and burn : that so, thy Salamander,  
Mine heart may never from thy furnace wander.

ODE. 36.

I.

Welcome, holy, heavenly fire,  
Kindled by immortal love :  
Which descending from above,  
Makes all earthly thoughts retire,  
And give place  
To that grace,  
Which with gentle violence  
Conquers all corrupt affections,  
Rebell Natures insurrections,  
Bidding them be packing hence.

2.

Lord, thy fire doth heat within,  
Warmeth not without alone ;  
Though it be an heart of stone,  
Of it self congeal'd in sin,  
Hard as steel,  
If it feel

Thy

Thy dissolving pow'r, it groweth  
Soft as wax, and quickly takes  
Any print thy Spirit makes,  
Paying what thou sai'st it oweth.

3.

Of it self mine heart is dark,  
But thy fire by shining bright,  
Fills it full of saving light  
Though't be but a little spark  
Lent by thee,  
I shall see

More by it, then all the light,  
Which in fullest measures streams  
From corrupted Natures beams,  
Can discover to my sight.

4.

Though mine heart be ice, and snow,  
To the things which thou hast chosen,  
All benum'd with cold, and frozen,  
Yet thy fire will make it glow.

Though it burns,  
When it turns

Tow'rds the things which thou do'st hate:  
Yet thy blessed warmth, no doubt,  
Will that wild-fire soon draw out,  
And the heat thereof abate.

5.

Lord, thy fire is active, using  
Always either to ascend  
To its native heav'n, or lend  
Heat to others: and diffusing  
Of its store

Gathers more,  
Never ceasing till it make



All things like it self, and longing  
To see others come with thronging  
Of thy goodness to partake.

6.

Lord, then let thy fire enflame  
My cold heart so thoroughly,  
That the heat may never die,  
But continue still the same:

That I may

Ev'ry day

More, and more, consuming sin,  
Kindling others, and attending  
All occasions of ascending,  
Heaven upon earth begin.

H

Emb.

## Embleme 37.



## CORDIS SCALÆ.

Ascensione in CORDE suo disposuit. *psal. 83. 6.*

*Vin scalis, dilecta, poli conscendere sedes.*

*Hic prius in prepie construe CORDE gradus.*

*Michel uan lochem gēu*

## The Ladder of the Heart.

PSAL. 84. 5.

*In whose heart are the ways of them.*

Epigr. 37.

**W**ould'st thou, my love, a Ladder have, whereby  
Thou mai'st climb heaven to sit down on high?  
In thine own heart then frame thee steps, and bend  
Thy mind to muse how thou mai'st there ascend.

ODE. 25.

*The Soul.*

I.

What?

Shall I

Always lie

Grov'ling on earth,

Where there is no mirth?

Why should I not ascend,

And climb up, where I may mend

My mean estate of misery?

Happiness I know's exceeding high:

Yet sure there is some remedy for that.

*Christ.*

2.

True,

There is.

Perfect bliss,

May be had above:

But he, that will obtain

Such a gold-exceeding gain,

Must never think to reach the same,

And scale hea'vens walls, until he frame

A ladder in his heart as near as new.

H 2

*The*

*The Soul.*

3.

Lord,

I will :

But the skill

Is not mine own :

Such an art's not known,

Unless thou wilt it reach :

It is far above the reach

Of mortal minds to understand.

But if thou wilt lend thine helping hand,

I will endeavour to obey thy Word.

*Christ.*

4.

Well

Then, see

That thou be

As ready prest

To perform the rest,

As now to promise fair,

And I'll teach thee how to rear

A scaling-ladder in thine heart

To mount heaven with : no rules of art,

But I alone, can the compofure tell.

5.

First,

Thou must

Take on trust

All that I say,

Reason must not sway

Thy judgement crosse to mine,

But her Scepter quite resign.

Faith must be both thy ladder sides,

Which will stay thy steps what e're betides;

And satisfie thine hunger, and thy thirst.

6. Then

6.

Then,  
The round  
Next the ground,  
Which I must see;  
Is Humility :  
From which thou must ascend,  
And with perseverance end.  
Vertue to vertue, grace to grace,  
Must each orderly succeed in'ts place,  
And when thou hast done all begin again.

H 3

Emb.



## Embleme 38.



## CORDIS VOLATVS.

Quæ sursum sunt quarite, quæ  
sursum sunt sapite. *colloſ. 3. 1.*

*Quis mihi Chaonij geminas dabit alitis alas.*  
*¶ Pertæsum terre quis COR ad astra volet?*

## The Flying of the Heart,

ISA. 60. 5.

*Who are these that fly as a Cloud, and as the  
Doves to their Windows?*

Epigr. 38.

**O**H that mine heart had wings like to a Dove,  
That I might quickly hasten hence, and move  
With speedy flight tow'rs the celestial sphears,  
As weary of this world, it's faults, and fears!

ODE. 38.

I.

This way, though pleasant, yet me thinks is long :  
Step after step, makes little haste,  
And I am not so strong  
As still to last  
Along  
So great  
So many lets :  
Swelter'd and swill'd in sweat  
My toying soul both fumes and frets,  
As though she were inclin'd to a retreat.

2.

Corruption clogs my feet like filthy clay,  
And I am ready still to slip :  
Which makes me often stay,  
When I should trip  
Away.  
My fears

H 4

And

And faults, are such,  
 As challenge all my tears  
 So justly, that it were not much,  
 If I in weeping should spend all my years.

3.

This makes me weary of the world below,  
 And greedy of a place above,  
 On which I may bestow,  
 My choicest love,  
 And so  
 Obtain  
 That favour, which  
 Excells all worldly gain,  
 And maketh the possessor rich,  
 In happiness of a transcendent strain.

4.

What? must I still be rooted here below,  
 And riveted unto the ground,  
 Wherein mine haste to grow  
 Will be though found,  
 But slow?  
 I know  
 The Sun exhales  
 Gross vapours from below,  
 Which, scorning as it were the Vales,  
 On mountain topping clouds themselves bestow.

5.

But my fault-frozen heart is slow to move,  
 Makes poor proceedings at the best,  
 As though it did not love,  
 Nor long for rest  
 Above.  
 Mine eyes  
 Can upward look,

As

As though they did despise  
All things on earth, and could not brook  
Their presence : but mine heart is slow to rise.

6.

Oh that it were once winged like the Dove,  
That in a moment mounts on high,  
Then should it soon remove,  
Where it may lye  
In love.  
And loe,  
This one desire  
Me thinks hath imp'd it so,  
That it already flies like fire,  
And ev'n my verses into wings do grow.

H 5

Emb

## Embleme 39.



CORDIS VNIO.

Dabo eis COR unum. *Ezech. ii. 19.*

*Unanimes anime . concordia vivite CORDA .  
vnum quis velle . et nolle dat vnus amor*

39

*Michel van lochem excu*



## The Union of the Heart.

EZEK. 11. 19.

*I will give them one Heart.*

Epigr. 39.

**L**ike minded minds, hearts alike heartily  
Affected will together live, and die:  
Many things meet, and part: but loves great gable  
Tying two hearts, makes them inseparable.

ODE. 39.

*The Soul.*

I.

All this is not enough: methinks I grow  
More greedy by fruition: what I get  
Serves but to set

An edge upon mine appetite,  
And all thy gifts do but invite  
My pray'rs for more.

Lord, if thou wilt not still encrease my store,  
Why did'st thou any thing at all bestow?

*Christ.*

2.

And is't the fruit of having, still to crave?  
Then let thine heart united be to mine,  
And mine to thine

In a firm union, whereby  
We may no more be thou, and I,  
Or, I, and thou,

But both the same: and then I will avow,  
Thou canst not want what thou dost wish to have.

*The*

*The Soul.*

3.

True, Lord, for thou art All in All to me,  
 But how to get my stubborn heart to twine,  
 And close with thine,  
 I do not know, nor can I guess  
 How I should ever learn, unless  
 Thou wilt direct

The course that I must take to that effect.

'Tis thou, not I, must knit mine heart to thee.

*Christ.*

4.

'Tis true, and so I will : but yet thou must  
 Do something tow'ards it too : First, thou must lay  
 All sin away,  
 And separate from that, which would  
 Our meeting intercept, and hold  
 Us distant still :

I am all goodness, and can close with ill  
 No more, then richest Diamonds with dust.

5.

Then thou must not count any earthly thing  
 How ever gay, and gloriously set forth,  
 Of any worth,  
 Compar'd with me, that am alone  
 Th' eternal, high, and holy One :  
 But place thy love

Onely on me, and the things above :  
 Which true content, and endless comfort bring.

6.

Love is the loadstone of the heart, the glew,  
 The cement, and the soder, which alone  
 Unites in one  
 Things that before were not the same,  
 But only like, imparts the name,  
 And nature too

Of each to th' other : nothing can undo  
The knot that's knit by love, if it be true.

7.

But if indeed, and truth thou lovest me,  
And not in word alone, then I shall find  
That thou dost mind  
The things I mind, and regulate  
All thine affections, love, and hate,  
Delight, desire,  
Fear, and the rest, by what I do require,  
And I in thee my self shall always see.

Emb.

## Embleme 40.



## CORDIS QUIES.

conuertere, anima mea, in

requiem tuam. psal. 114. 7.

*Moblie COR nulla potis est requiescere sede.*

*Vnus ei Centrum nam Deus vna quies.*

40 Michel uan lochem excu

## *The Rest of the Heart.*

PSAL. 116. 7.

*Return unto thy Rest, O my Soul.*

Epigr. 40.

**M***Y base, stirring heart, that seeks the best,  
Can find no place on earth wherein to rest:  
For God alone, the Author of its bliss,  
Its only rest, its only center is.*

ODE. 40.

I.

Move me no more, mad world, it is in vain,  
Experience tells me plain  
I should deceived be,  
If ever I again should trust in thee.  
My weary heart hath ransackt all  
Thy treasures both great, and small,  
And thy large inventory bears in mind:  
Yet could it never find  
One place wherein to rest,  
Though it hath often tried all the best.

2.

Thy profits brought me loss in stead of gain,  
And all thy pleasures pain:  
Thine honours blur'd my name  
With the deep stains of self-confounding shame.  
Thy wisdom made me turn stark fool,  
And all the learning, that thy school  
Afforded me, was not enough to make

Mc



Me know my self, and take  
Care of my better part,  
Which should have perished for all thine heart.

## 3.

Not that there is not place of rest in thee  
For others: but for me  
There is, there can be, none:  
That God, that made mine heart, is he alone,  
That of himself both can, and will,  
Give rest unto my thoughts, and fill  
Them full of all content, and quietness,  
That so I may possess  
My soul in patience,  
Until he find it time to call me hence.

## 4.

On thee then, as a sure foundation,  
A tried corner-stone,  
Lord, I will strive to raise  
The tow'r of my salvation, and thy praise.  
In thee, as in my center, shall  
The lines of all my longings fall.  
To thee, as to mine anchor, surely ti'd  
My ship shall safely ride.  
On thee, as on my bed  
Of soft repose, I'll rest my weary head.

## 5.

Thou, thou alone, shalt be my whole desire,  
I'll nothing else require,  
But thee, or for thy sake.  
In thee I'll sleep secure, and when I wake  
Thy glorious face shall satisfy  
The longing of my looking eye.  
I'll rouse my self on thee, as on my rock,

And

And threatening dangers mock.  
Of thee, as of my treasure,  
I'll boast, and brag, my comforts know no measure.  
6.

Lord, thou shalt be mine All, I will not know  
A profit here below,  
But what reflects on thee:  
Thou shalt be all the pleasure I will see  
In any thing the earth affords.  
Mine heart shall own no words  
Of honour, out of which I cannot raise  
The matter of thy praise.  
Nay, I will not be mine,  
Unless thou wilt vouchsafe to have me thine.

Emb.

## Embleme 41.



BALNEVM CORDIS . EX  
SVDORE SANGVINEO .

Multo labore sudatum est . et non exiuit  
de eâ nimia rubigo eius . *Ezech. 24. 12.*

*Balnea sanguinei sponsi sudata cruore .*

*COR ægrum hic tibi quæ dat Paradisus . adi .*

41

*Michel van lochem excu*

## The Bathing of the Heart.

JOEL 3. 21.

*I will cleanse their Blood, that I have not  
Cleansed.*

Epigr. 41.

**T**His Bath thy Saviour sweet with drops of Blood,  
Sick heart, of purpose far to do thee good.  
They that have tri'd it can the vertue tell,  
Come then and use it, if thou wilt be well.

ODE. 41.

1.

All this thy God hath done for thee;  
And now mine heart  
It is high time that thou should'st be  
Acting thy part,  
And meditating on his blessed Passion,  
Till thou hast made it thine by imitation]

2.

That exercise will be the best  
And surest means,  
To keep thee evermore at rest,  
And free from pains.  
To suffer with thy Saviour, is the way  
To make thy present comforts last for aye.

3.

Trace then the steps, wherein he trode,  
And first begin  
To sweat with him. The heavy load,  
Which for thy sin

He

He underwent, squeez'd bloud out of his face,  
Which in great drops came trickling down apace.

4.

Oh let not then that precious bloud  
Be spilt in vain,  
But gather ev'ry drop. 'Tis good  
To purge the stain  
Of guilt, that hath defil'd, and overspread  
Thee from the sole of the foot to the crown of the head.

5.

Poyson possesseth every vein,  
The fountain is  
Corrupt, and all the streams unclean :  
All is amiss.  
Thy blood's impure, yea thou thy self, mine heart,  
In all thine inward pow'rs polluted art.

6.

When thy first father first did ill,  
Mans doom was read,  
That in the sweat of's face he still  
Should eat his bread.  
What the first *Adam* in the garden caught,  
The second *Adam* in a garden taught.

7.

Taught by his own example, how  
To sweat for sin,  
Under that heavy weight to bow,  
And never lin  
Begging release, till with strong cries, and tears  
The soul be drain'd of all its faults, and fears.

8.

If sins imputed guilt oppress  
Th'Almighty so,

That



That his sad soul could find no rest  
Under that woe:  
But that the bitter agony he felt  
Made his pure blood, if not to sweat, to melt.

9.

Then let that huge inherent Masse  
Of sin, that lies  
In heaps on thee, make thee surpass  
In tears, and cries,  
Striving with all thy strength, untill thou sweat  
Such drops as his, though not as good, as great.

10.

And if he think it fit to lay  
Upon thy back,  
Or pains, or duties, as he may  
Untill it crack,  
Shrink not away, but strain thine utmost force  
To bear them cheerfully without remorse.

Emb.

## Embleme 42.



VINCVLVM CORDIS EX  
FVNIBVS CHRISTI.

Traham eos in funiculis Adam. et  
in uinculis charitatis. *osca. ii.*

*Crimina te. duro. fateor, mea. fune ligarunt.*  
*Dulcior astringat COR tibi, funis. amor.*

42

*Michel van Lochem excu*

## The binding of the Heart.

H O S. II. 4.

*I drew them with Cords of a Man, with  
Bands of Love.*

Epigr. 42.

**M***Y sins, I do confess, a cord were found  
Heavy, and hard by thee, when thou wast bound,  
Great Lord of love, with them, but thou hast twin'd  
Gentle love-cords my tender heart to bind.*

O D E. 42.

I.

What? could those hands,  
That made the World, be subject unto bands?  
Could there a cord be found,  
Wherewith Omnipotence it self was bound?  
Wonder mine ears, and stand amaz'd to see  
The Lord of liberty  
Led captive for thy sake, and in thy stead.  
Although he did  
Nothing deserving death, or bands, yet he  
Was bound, and put to death, to set thee free.

2.

Thy sins had ti'd  
Those bands for thee, wherein thou shouldst have di'd:  
And thou did'st daily knit  
Knots upon knots, whereby thou ma'st them sit  
Closer, and faster, to thy faulty self.

Helps,

Helpless, and hopeless, friendless, and forlorn,  
The sink of scorn,  
And kennel of contempt, thou should'st have lain  
Eternally enthrall'd to endless pain.

## 3.

Had not the Lord  
Of love and life been pleased to afford  
His helping hand of grace,  
And freely put himself into thy place.  
So were thy bands transfer'd, but not untid,  
Until the time he di'd,  
And by his death vanquish'd, and conquer'd all,  
That *Adams* fall  
Had made victorious. Sin, Death, and Hell,  
Thy fatal foes under his footstool fell.

## 4.

Yet he meant not  
That thou should'st use the liberty he got  
As it should like thee best,  
To wander as thou listest, or to rest  
In soft repose careless of his commands:  
He that hath loos'd those bands,  
Whereby thou wast enslaved to the foes,  
Binds thee with those,  
Wherewith he bound himself to do thee good,  
The bands of love, love writ in lines of Blood:

## 5.

His love to thee  
Made him to lay aside his Majesty,  
And cloathed in a vail  
Of frail, though faultless flesh, become thy bail!  
But love requireth love: and since thou art  
Loved by him, thy part  
It is to love him too: and love affords

The strongest cords  
That can be : for it ties, not hands alone,  
But heads, and hearts, and souls, and all in one.

6.

Come then, mine heart,  
And freely follow the prevailing Art  
Of thy Redeemers love.  
That strong magnetique tie hath pow'r to move  
The steeli'st stubborness. If thou but twine,  
And twist his love with thine,  
And by obedience labour to express  
Thy thankfulness,  
It will be hard to say on whether side  
The bands are surest which is fastest ti'd.

I

Emb.

Haefsten, B/



## Embleme 37.



FVLCRVM CORDIS  
CHRISTI COLVMNA.

Confirmate CORDA uestra *Jacob. f. 8.*

*Nōn flores. non poma. meum COR debile poscit.*

*Fulci. hęc tua meā christe. columna satis.*

43. *M. van Sochem excū*

## The Prop of the Heart.

PSAL. 102. 7, 8.

*His Heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.  
His Heart is established, he shall not  
be afraid.*

Epigr. 43.

**M***Y weak, and feeble Heart, a Prop must use,  
But pleasant fruits, and flow'rs doth refuse:  
My Christ my Pillar is, on him rely,  
Repose, and rest my self, alone will I.*

ODE. 43.

I.

Suppose it true, that whilst thy Saviours side  
Was furrowed with scourges he was tied  
Unto some pillar fast,  
Think not, mine heart, it was because he could  
Not stand alone, or that left loose he would  
Have shrunk away at last.  
Such weakness suits not with Omnipotence,  
Nor could mans malice match his patience.

2.

But, if so done, 'twas done to tutor thee,  
Whose frailty, and impatience he doth see  
Such, that thou hast nor strength,  
Nor will, as of thy self, to undergo  
The least degree of duty, or of woe,  
But would'st be sure at length  
To flinch, or faint, or not to stand at all,  
Or in the end more fearful to fall.

1 2

3. The

## 3.

Thy very frame, and figure, broad above,  
 Narrow beneath, apparent: doth prove  
     Thou canst not stand alone,  
 Without a prop to bolster, and to stay thee.  
 To trust to thine own strength would soon betray thee.  
     Alas, thou now art grown  
 So weak, and feeble, way'ring, and unstead,  
 Thou shrink'st at the least weight that's on thee laid.

## 4.

The easiest Command'ments thou declinest,  
 And at the lightest punishments thou whineest:  
     Thy restless motions are  
 Innumerable, like the troubled Sea  
 Whose Waves are toss'd, and tumbled ev'ry way.  
     The Hound-pursued Hare  
 Makes not so many doubles, as thou do'st,  
 Till thy crost courses in themselves are lost.

## 5.

Get thee some stay that may support thee then,  
 And stablish thee, lest thou should'st start again.  
     But where may it be found?  
 Will pleasant fruits, or flow'rs serve the turn?  
 No, no, my tott'ring heart will overturn,  
     And lay them on the ground.  
 Dainties may serve to minister delight,  
 But strength is onely from the Lord of might.

## 6.

Betake thee to thy Christ then, and repose  
 Thy self in all extremities on those  
     His everlasting arms,  
 Wherewith he girds the heavens, and upholds  
 The pillars of the earth, and safely folds

His

His faithful flock from harms.  
Cleave close to him by faith, and let the bands  
Of love tie thee in thy Redeemers hands.

7.

Come life, come death, come devils, come what will,  
Yet fast'ned so thou shalt stand stedfast still :

And all the pow'rs of hell  
Shall not prevail to shake thee with their shock,  
So long as thou art founded on that rock :

No duty shall thee quell,  
No danger shall disturb thy quiet state,  
Nor soul perplexing fears thy mind amate.

## Embleme 44.



COR. PHIALA CHRISTO SITIENTI.

Dabo tibi poculum ex vino condito. Cant. 8. 2.

*Respue quę Iude genus offert pocula sellis.*

*Compuncti CORDIS sed bibi. sponse. merum.*

44 M van Lochem excu



## The Scourging of the Heart.

PROV. 10. 13.

*A Rod is for the back of him that is void  
of Understanding.*

Epigr. 44.

**W**HEN thou withhold'st thy Scourges, dearest love,  
My sluggish heart is slack, and slow to move.  
Oh let it not stand still, but lash it rather,  
And drive it, though unwilling, to thy Father.

ODE. 44.

I.

What do those scourges on that sacred flesh,  
Spotless and pure ?  
Must he that doth sin-weari'd souls refresh,  
Himself endure  
Such tearing tortures ? Must those sides be gash'd ?  
Those shoulders lash'd ?  
Is this the trimming that the world bestows  
Upon such robes of Majestie as those ?

2.

Is't not enough to die, unless by pain  
Thou antidote  
Thy death before hand, Lord ? What do'st thou mean ?  
To aggravate  
The guilt of sin ? or to enhance the price  
Thy sacrifice  
Amounts to ? Both are infinite I know,  
And can by no additions greater grow.

I 4

3. Yet

## 3.

Yet dare I not imagine that in vain  
 Thou did'st endure  
 One stripe : though not thine own thereby, my gain  
 Thou did'st procure,  
 That when I shall be scourged for thy sake,  
 Thy stripes may make  
 Mine acceptable, that I may not grutch,  
 When I remember thou hast born as much.

## 4.

As much, and more, for me. Come then mine heart,  
 And willingly  
 Submit thy self to suffer : smile at smart  
 And death defie.  
 Fear not to feel that hand correcting thee,  
 Which set thee free.  
 Stripes as the tokens of his love he leaves,  
 Who scourgeth ev'ry Son whom he receives.

## 5.

There's foolishness bound up within thee fast :  
 But yet thee rod  
 Of Fatherly correction at the last,  
 If blest by God,  
 Will drive it far away and wisdom give,  
 That thou mai'st live,  
 Not to thy self, but him, that first was slain,  
 And died for thee, and then rose again.

## 6.

Thou art not only dull, and slow of pace  
 But stubborn too,  
 And refractory, ready to out-face,  
 Rather then do,  
 Thy duty : though thou know'st it must be so,

Thou

Thou wilt not go  
The way thou should'st, till some affliction  
First set thee right, then prick, spur thee on.

7.

Top-like thy figure, and condition is,  
Neither to stand,  
Nor stir, thy self alone, whilst thou do'st miss  
An helping hand  
To set thee up, and store of stripes bestow  
To make thee goe.  
Beg then thy blessed Saviour to transfer  
His scourges unto thee, to make thee stir.

## Embleme 45.



SEPLIMENTVM CORDIS CORONA  
SPINEA.

*Sepiam uiam tuam spinis osee. 2. 6.*

*Ne careat tua spina rosis, COR concolor armet.*

*Horte areet. fugias, seps diadema feras.*

45.

*Michel van Lochem excu*

## The Hedging of the Heart.

H O S. 2. 6.

*I will hedge up thy way with Thorns.*

Epigr. 45.

**H**E, that of Thorns would gather Roses, may  
In his own Heart, if handled the right way.  
Hearts hedged with Christs Crown of Thorns, in stead  
Of thorny cares, will sweetest Roses breed.

ODE. 45.

I.

A Crown of Thorns ! I thought so : ten to one,  
A Crown without a Thorn there's none :  
There's none on earth I mean, what shall I then  
Rejoyce to see him crown'd by men,  
By whom Kings Rule, and Reign ? Or shall I scorn,  
And hate, to see earths curse, a thorn,  
Prepost'rously prefer'd to crown those brows,  
From whence all blifs, and glory flows ?  
Or shall I both be clad,  
And also sad,  
To think it is a Crown, and yet so bad ?

2.

There's cause enough of both, I must confess :  
Yet, what's that unto me, unless  
I take a course his Crown of Thorns may be  
Made mine, transfer'd from him to me ?  
Crowns had they been of stars could add no more  
Glory, where there was all before, ( worse  
And Thorns might scratch him, could not make him '

The



Then he was made sin, and a curse.  
 Come then, mine heart, take down  
 Thy Saviours Crown  
 Of thorns, and see if thou canst make't thine own.

## 3.

Remember first, thy Saviours head was crown'd  
 By the same hands that did him wound :  
 They meant it not to honour, but to scorn him,  
 When in such sort they did betorn him.  
 Think earthly honours such, if they redound  
 Never beleeve they mind to dignifie  
 Thee, that thy Christ would crucifie.  
 Think ev'ry crown a thorn,  
 Unless't adorn  
 Thy Christ, as well as him, by whom't is worn.

## 4.

Consider then that, as the thorny crown  
 Circled thy Saviours head, thine own  
 Continual care to please him, and provide  
 For the advantage of his side,  
 Must fence thine actions, and affections so,  
 That they shall neither dare to go  
 Out of that compass, nor vouchsafe access  
 To what might make that care go less.  
 Let no such thing draw nigh,  
 Which shall not spie  
 Thorns ready plac'd to prick it till it die.

## 5.

Thus, compar'd with thy Saviours thorny Crown,  
 Thou mai'st securely sit thee down,  
 And hope that he, who made of water wine,  
 Will turn each Thorn unto a Vine,  
 Where thou mai'st gather Grapes, and to delight thee  
 Roses.

Roses: nor need the prickles fright thee.  
Thy Saviours sacred Temples took away  
The curse, that in their sharpness lay.  
So thou mai'st Crowned be,  
As well as he,  
And at the last light in his light shalt see.

*Emb.*

## Embleme 46.



COMPVNCTIO CORDIS  
 CLAVO TIMORIS DEI.  
 confortauit eum clauis ut non

moueretur. *Isaia. 41. 7.*

*Hoc mihi cor sancti clauo transfige timoris.*

*Pro me qui clauis in cruce fixus eras.*

46

*Michel van Lochem excu*

## The Fastening of the Heart.

J E R. 32. 40.

*I will put my fear in their Hearts, that  
they shall not depart from me.*

Epigr. 46.

**T**HOU, that wast nailed to the Cross for me,  
Lest I should slip, and fall away from thee,  
Drive home thy holy fear into mine heart,  
And clench it so, that it may ner'e depart.

O D E. 46.

I.

What? do'st thou struggle to get loose again :  
Hast thou so soon forgot the former pain,  
That thy licentious bondage unto sin,  
And lust enlarged thralldome, put thee in?  
Hast thou a mind again to rove, and ramble  
Rogue-like a vagrant through the world, and scramble  
For scraps, and crusts of earth-bred base delights,  
And change thy days of joy for tedious nights  
Of sad repentant sorrow?

What? wilt thou borrow  
That grief to day, which thou must pay to morrow?

2.

No, self-deceiving heart, lest thou should'st cast  
Thy cords away, and burst the bands at last  
Of thy Redeemers tender love, I'll try  
What further fastenings in his fear doth lie.  
The cords of love, soaked in lust may rot,

And

And bands of bounty are too oft forgot :  
 But holy filial fear, like to a nail  
 Fast'ned in a sure place, will never fail.

This driven home will take  
 Fast hold, and make  
 Thee that thou dar'st not thy God forsake.

## 3.

Remember how, besides thy Saviours bands,  
 Wherewith they led him bound, his holy hands,  
 And feet, were pierced, how they nail'd him fast  
 Unto his bitter cross, and how at last  
 His precious side was goared with a spear:  
 So hard sharp-pointed I'rn, and steel did tear  
 His tender flesh, that from those wounds might flow  
 The sov'raign salve for sin-procured woe.

Then that thou mai'st not fail  
 Of that avail,  
 Refuse not to be fast'ned with his nail.

## 4.

Love in a heart of flesh is apt to taint,  
 Or be fly-blown with folly: and its faint  
 And feeble spirits, when it shews most fair,  
 Are often sed on by the empty air  
 Of popular applause, unless the salt  
 Of holy fear in time prevent the fault:  
 But season'd so it will be kept for ever.  
 He, that doth fear because he loves, will never  
 Adventure to offend,

But always bend  
 His best endeavors to content his friend.

## 5.

Though perfect love cast out all servile fear,  
 Because such fear hath torment: yet thy dear  
 Redeemer meant not so to set thee free,

That

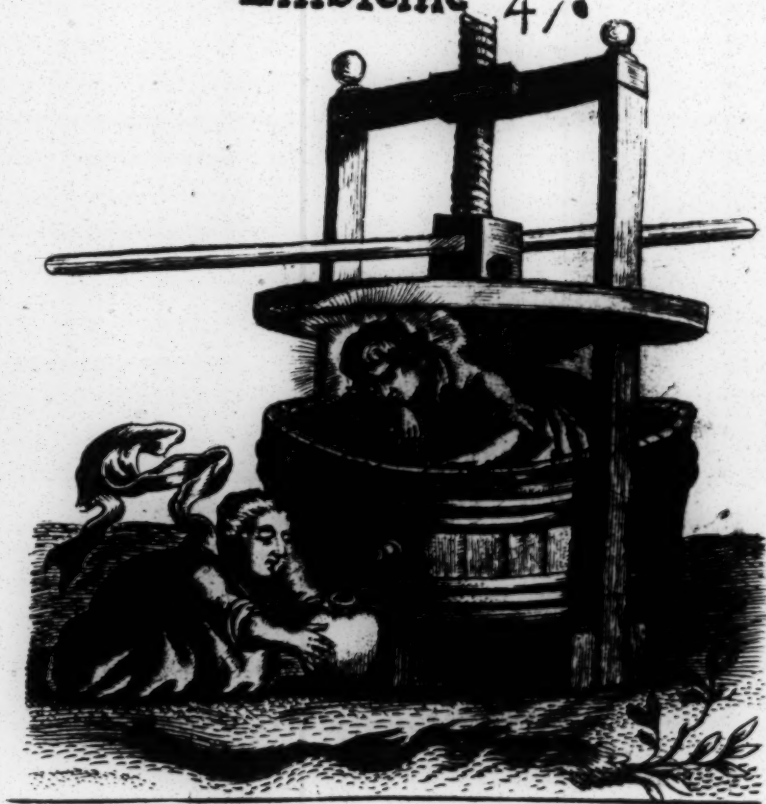


That filial fear, and thou should'st strangers be.  
Though, as a Son, thou honour him thy Father,  
Yer, as a Master, thou mai'st fear him rather.  
Fears the Souls Centinel, and keeps the heart,  
Wherein love lodges so, that all the art,  
And indullry, of those,  
That are its foes,  
Cannot betray it to its former woes.

Emb.

Haefsten, p/

## Embleme 47.



MVSTVM CORDIS E  
TORCVLARI CRVCIS.

Vinum lætificet COR hominis. *Psal. 103. 15.*

En Cypri premitur botrus, COR excipe, grata  
De torculari quæ cruce vna flunt.

47. M. van Soeben excu

## The New Wine of the Heart.

PSAL. 104. 115.

*Wine that maketh glad the Heart of Man.*

Epigr. 47.

**C**hris̃ the true Vine, Grape, Cluster, on the Cross  
Trod the winepress alone, unto the loss  
Of Blood, and life. Draw thankful Heart, and spare not :  
Hers's Wine enough for all, save those that care not.

ODE. 47.

I.

Leave not thy Saviour now, what ev'r thou do'st,  
Doubtful distrustful heart,  
Thy former pains, and labours, all are lost,  
If now thou shalt depart,  
And faithlessly fall off at last from him,  
Who to redeem thee spar'd nor life nor lim

2.

Shall he, that is thy Cluster, and thy Vine,  
Tread the winepress alone,  
Whil'st thou stand'st looking on? Shall both the Wine,  
And work be all his own?  
See how he bends, crusht with the straitned Screw  
Of that fierce wrath, that to thy sins was due.

3.

Although thou canst not help to bear it, yet  
Thrust thy self under too,  
That thou mai'st feel some of the weight, and get  
Although not strength to do,  
Yet will to suffer something as he doth,

Tha<sup>c</sup>

That the same stress at once may squeeze you both.

4.

Thy Saviour being press'd to death, there ran  
Out of his sacred wounds \*

That wine, that maketh glad the heart of man,  
And all his foes confounds.

Yes, the full-flowing fountain's open still  
For all grace-thirsting hearts to drink their fill.

5.

And not to drink alone, to satiate  
Their longing appetites,

Or drawn those cumbrous cares, that would abate  
The edge of their delights,

But, when they toyl, and foil themselves, with sin,  
Both to refresh, to purge, to cleanse them in.

6.

Thy Saviour hath begun this Cup to thee,  
And thou must not refuse't.

Press then thy sin-swoln sides, until they be  
Empty, and fit to use't.

Do not delay to come, when he doth call,  
Nor fear to want, where there's enough for all.

7.

Thy bounteous Redeemer in his Bloud  
Fills thee not wine alone,

But likewise gives his flesh to be thy food,  
Which thou mai'st make thine own,  
And feed on him, who hath himself revealed  
The bread of Life by God the Father sealed.

8.

Nay, he's not food alone, but Physick too,  
When ever thou art sick,

And in thy weakness strength, that thou mai'st do

Thy

Thy duty, and not stick  
at any thing, that he requires of thee,  
How hard soever it may seem to be.

9.

Take all the haste then that thou canst to come,  
Before the day be past,  
And think not of returning to thy home,  
Whilst yet the light doth last.  
The longer, and the more thou draw'st this wine,  
All thou shalt find it more, and more divine.

10.

If thy Saviour think it meet to throw  
Thee in the Press again,  
Suffer as he did: yet do not grow  
Displeased at thy pain:  
Summer season follows Winter weather;  
Spring you shall be glorifi'd together.

REVEL. 22. 17.

*The Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And  
let him that is thirsty, come. And let him  
that is a sinner, come. And whosoever will,  
let him take the water of life freely.*



**I**S this my period? Have I now no more  
To do hereafter? Shall my mind give o're  
Its best employment thus, and idle be,  
Or busied otherwise? Should I not see  
How to improve my thoughts more thriftily,  
Before I lay these Heart-School Lectures by?  
Self-knowledge is an everlasting task,  
An endless work, that doth not onely ask  
A whole man for the time, but challengeth  
To take up all his hours untill death.  
Yet as in other Schools they have a care  
To call for Repititions, and are  
Busi'd as well in seeking to retain  
What they have learn'd already, as to gain  
Further degrees of knowledge, and lay by  
Invention, whilst they practise memory:  
So must I likewise take some time to view  
What I have done, ere I proceed anew.  
Perhaps I may have cause to interline,  
To alter, or to add: the Work is mine,  
And I may manage it, as I see best,  
With my great Masters leave. Then here I rest  
From taking out new Lessons, till I see  
How I retain the old in memory.  
And if it be his pleasure, I shall say  
These Lessons before others, that they may,  
Or learn them too, or only censure me;  
I'll wait with patience the success to see.  
And though I look not to have leave to play,  
For that this School allows not, yet I may  
Another time perhaps, if they approve  
Of these, such as they are, and shew their love  
To the *School of the Heart*, by calling for't,  
Add other Lessons more of the like sort.

# The Learning of the Heart.

## *The Preface.*

**I** Am a Scholar. The great Lord of Love  
And life, my Tutor is: Who from above  
All that lack Learning, to his School invites,  
My Hearts my Prayer-book, in which he writes,  
Systemes of all the Arts and Faculties:  
First reads to me, then makes me exercise,  
But all in paradoxes, such high strains,  
As flow from none but love Inspired Brains:  
Yet bids me publish them abroad and dare  
T' excell his Arts above all other Arts that are.  
Why should I not? me thinks it cannot be,  
But they should please others as well as me.  
Come then joyn'd hands, and let our heart's embrace,  
Whil'st thus loves Labyrinth of Arts we trace;  
I mean the *Sidemes* call'd *Liberal*:  
Both *Trivium*, and *Quadrivium*, sev'n in all.  
With the higher Faculties, *Phylosophy*;  
And *Law*, and *Physick*, and *Theologie*.

## The Grammar of the Heart,

PSAL: 15. 2.

*That speaketh the Truth in his Heart.*

**M**Y Grammar, I define to be an Art,  
Which teacheth me to write and speak mine heart,  
By which I learn that smooth tongu'd flatt'ries are  
False Language, and in love irregular.  
Among'st my Letters, Vow-wells I admit,  
Of none but Consonant to sacred Writ.  
And therefore when my Soul in silence moans,  
Half vowel'd sighs, and double deep thong'd groans,  
Mute looks, and liquid tears in stead of words,  
Are of the language that mine heart affords.  
And since true love abhors all variations,  
My Grammar hath no moods nor conjugations :  
Tenses, nor Persons, nor Declensions,  
Cases, nor genders, nor comparisons :  
What are my Letters are, my Words but one,  
And on the meaning of it love alone.  
Concord is all my Syntax and agreement :  
Is in my Grammar perfect regiment.

He wants no Language that hath learn'd to love,  
When tongues are still, hearts will be heard above.

The

# The Rethorick of the Heart.

PSAL. 45. 1.

*My Heart is inditing a good matter.*

**M**Y Rethorick is not so much an Art,  
 As an infused habit in mine Heart,  
 Which a sweet secret Elegance Installs,  
 And all my Speech with Tropes and Figures fills.  
 Love is the tongues Elixir, which doth change  
 The ordinary sense of words, and range  
 Them under other kinds, dispose them so  
 That to the height of eloquence they grow,  
 E'vn in their native plainness, and must be  
 So understood as liketh love and me.  
 When I say Christ, I mean my Saviour;  
 When his Command'ment my behaviour :  
 For to that end it was he hither came,  
 And to this purpose 'tis I bear his Name.  
 When I say Hallow'd be thy name, he knows  
 I would be holy : for his glory grows  
 Together with my good, and he hath not  
 Given more honour then himself hath got  
 So when I say, Lord let thy Kingdom come,  
 He understands it, I would be at home;  
 To raigh with him in glory. So grace brings  
 My love in me to be the King of Kings.  
 He teacherh me to say, Thy will be done,  
 But meaneth he would have me do mine own;  
 By making me to will the same he doth,  
 And so to rule my self and serve him both.

K

So



So when he saith, My Son give me thine heart:  
I know his meaning is, that I should part  
With all I have for him, give him my self,  
And to be rich in him from worldly self.  
When he says come to me, I know that he  
Means I should wait his coming unto me,  
Since 'tis his coming unto me that makes  
Me come to him, my part he undertakes.  
And when he says, Behold I come, I know  
His purpose and intent is I should go  
With all the speed I can, to meet him whence  
His coming is attractive, draws me hence.  
Thick-folded Repititions in Love,  
Are no Tautologies, but strongly move  
And bind unto Attention. Exclamations,  
Are the hearts heaven-piercing Exaltations.  
Epiphonemaes and Apostrophes,  
Love likes of well, but no Prosopopes.  
Not doubtful but careful deliberations,  
Love holds as grounds of strongest Resolutions.  
Thus love and I a thousand ways can find,  
To speak and understand each others mind,  
And descant upon that which unto others,  
Is but plain Song, and all their Musick smothers.  
Nay that which worldly wit worms call nonsense,  
Is many times loves purest Eloquence.



## The Logick of the Heart.

I Pet. 3. 15.

*Be ready always to give an Answer to every man that asketh you a Reason of the Hope that is in you.*

**M**Y Logick is the faculty of Faith,  
 Where all things are resolv'd into he saith;  
 And Ergoes drawn from trust and confidence,  
 Twist and tie Truths with stronger consequence  
 Then either sense or reason: for the heart  
 And not the head is fountain of this Art.  
 And what the heart objects none can resolve,  
 But God himself, till death the frame dissolve.  
 Nay Faith can after death dispute with dust,  
 And argue ashes into stronger trust.  
 And better hopes then Brass and Marble can  
 Be emblemes, of unto the outward man.  
 All my invention is to find what terms  
 My Lord and I stand in: how he confirms  
 His promises to me, how I inherit  
 What he hath purchased for me by his merit.  
 My judgment is submission to his will,  
 And when he once hath spoken to be still.  
 My Method's to be ordered by him  
 What he disposeth, that I think most trim.  
 Loves Arguments, are all I will, thou must,  
 What he says and commands are true and just.  
 When to dispute and argue's out of Season,  
 Then to believe and to obey is Reason.

F I N I S.